VOGUE

OCTOBER 15

News
in non-city
dressing

Best-buys bulletin
for town

Fashions in Living:
special
decorating features

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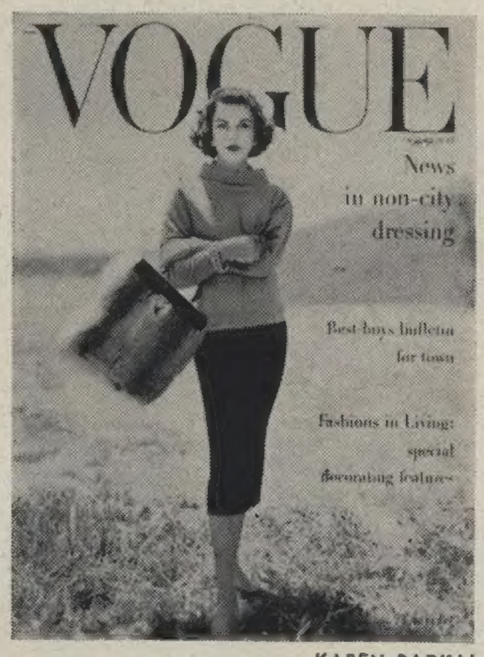
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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S.V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

OCTOBER 15, 1956



KAREN RADKAI

COVER

First time cashmere's taken this slant:
an almost-rugged look. Big, deep
pull-over of zinnia-coloured cashmere,
designed by Bonnie Cashin for Forstmann, $35.
The skirt, of black-and-brown Forstmann
wool tweed, by Evan-Picone, $25. These, and
the red fox bag and Kislav gloves: Best's.
Sweater and skirt, also at Burdine's.
Cartier gold bracelet.
The sunny lipstick: "Copper Bright" by Coty.

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Vol. 128, No. 7
Whole No. 1977

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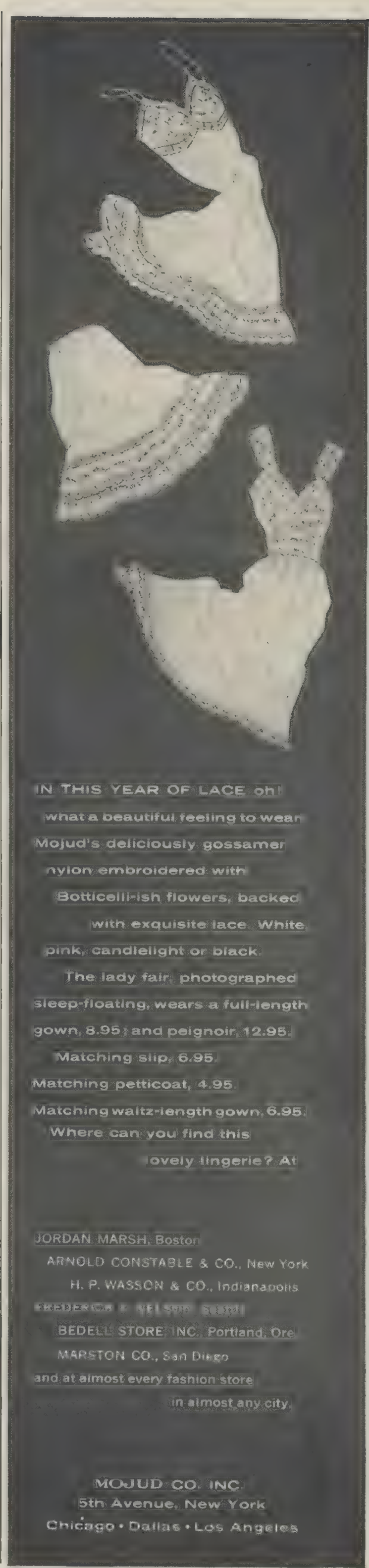


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The slip, #7864. In seven magical colors. Sizes 32 to 42, $14.95. Sizes 44 to 46, $15.95. Short, average, tall.
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That both slip and petticoat are of Van Raalte's own nylon Opaquelon.®

But this little girl could tell you right now that all the lingerie in her mother's magic wardrobe is by Van Raalte!

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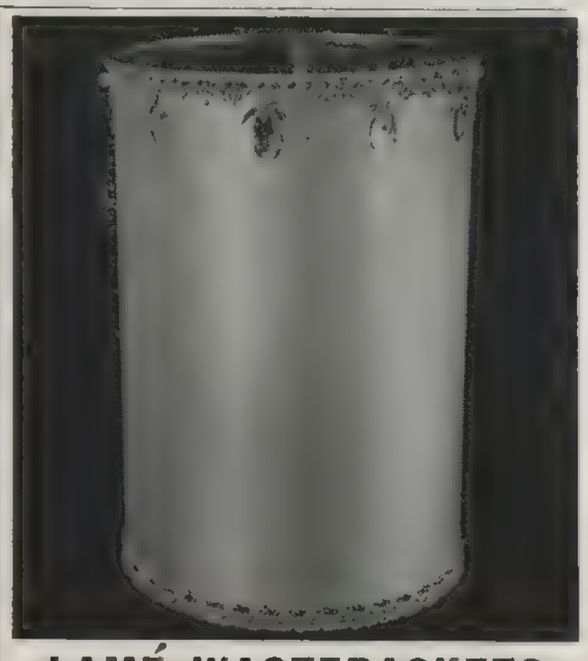
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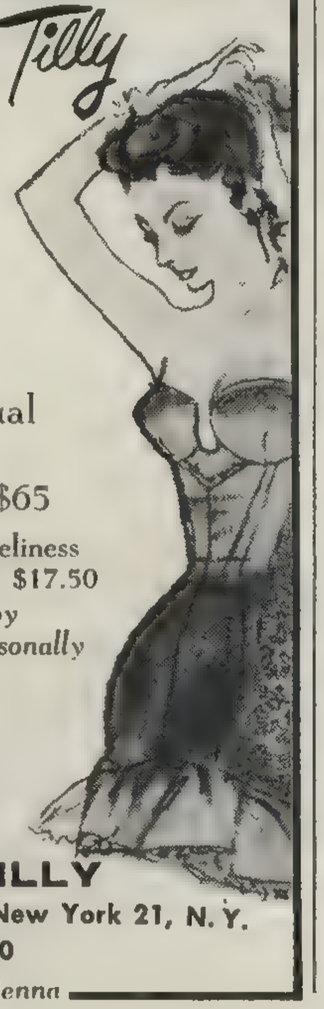
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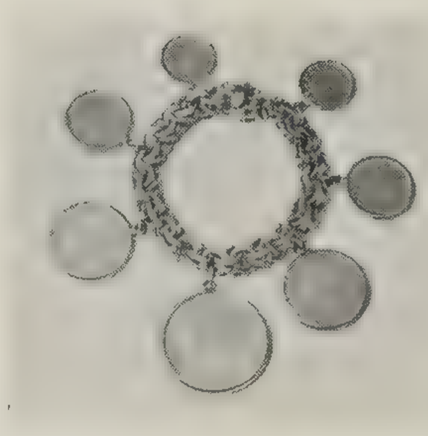
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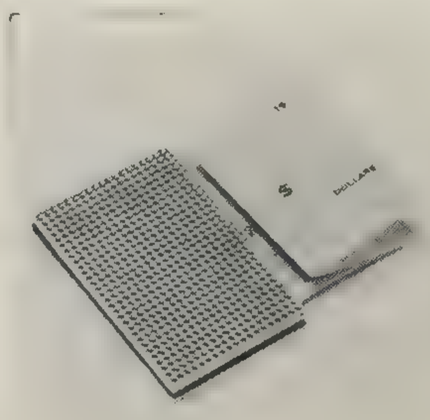
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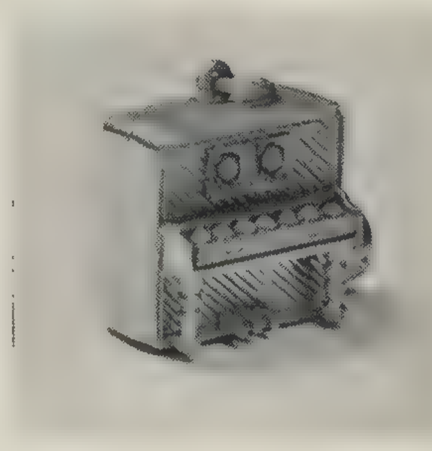
...October



Portable Fort Knox?
Almost: it's a bracelet of gold-mounted coins, suspended from heavy, twined gold chains. The coins themselves—U.S. mintings, fifty to one hundred years old. $485 tax inc. Johnston Jewels Ltd., Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Park Ave. at 50th St., N. Y. 22.



Just checking: much pleasanter occupation when the checkbook's this handsome affair of fourteen-carat gold in a basket weave—flat and surprisingly light. Holds ten checks. $280, plus tax. Cartier, Fifth Ave. & 52nd St., N. Y. 22.



Golden tone—a tiny gold piano that actually plays, to hang on a charm bracelet. It has turquoise insets, movable keyboard cover, and plays one of three tunes (one: "Happy Birthday"). $63 including tax, from Marchal Jewelers, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22.



Sunset-shaped ring. Marquise-cut opal in a handmade 14-carat setting, that hits your hand broadside. This one-of-a-kind, and others similar, to order from Eve Jewels, $57 postpaid, plus tax. 794 Madison Avenue, New York 21.

Lustre clusters. A bracelet, five 14-carat gold chains in Florentine finish, with 20 small, platinum-set diamonds in groups of twos and threes. $1,200 plus tax and postage, custom made or specially ordered at Cellino, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.



MIEHLMANN

HOUND

encounters



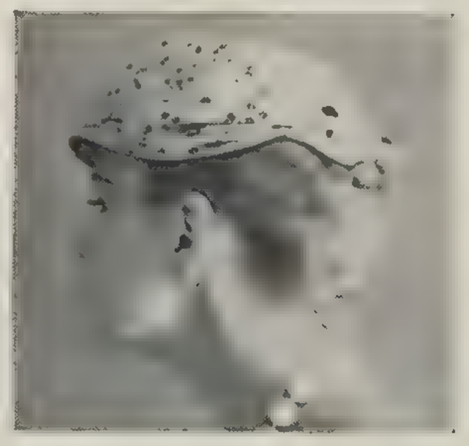
Knit, newly, in silk. Two pieces of washable silk sweatering, to wear at country or city club. Top, $29.95; skirt with knitted-in pleats, $49. Both in black, rust, dark brown, beige, pastels. Bernath & Co., 560 Madison Avenue, New York 22.



Bell-cut cape in blue-black natural ranch mink, notably this-year because this is the cape's year. Reversible—its alter ego is brushed satin with a woven-in print. $1,650 plus tax, to order at Benn Mandel, 370 Seventh Avenue. New York 1, New York.



Heeling influence. In this case, a solid shaft of rhinestones, attached to a dyeable white satin stripling sandal to give your meringue star billing. $34.95, also in black suède at $24.95. J. & J. Slater, 533 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



Deep-dish toque with sleek, shirred side-walls, the important hattier hat for late-day. Here in a beige print with black velvet; made to order in many other combinations. $69.95, at Nellie-Louise Millinery, 576 Madison Ave., New York 22.



Fur transport. A big bag of soft, strokeable fur. Inside is a little purse of the same fur, nesting in red leather lining. Baby calf in black; white or palomino on 10-day order. $65 tax inc., at Aronowicz, 19 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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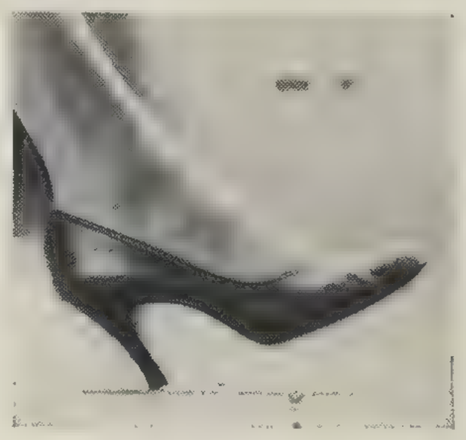


SHOP

...October encounters



More of the sweater-dress in welterweight wool and knitted cotton that's temperature-tailored for three seasons, minimum. An Italian import with wide neck, striped cummerbund. Black, royal blue, red. Small, medium, large. $35. Robert Leader, 146 E. 54th St., New York 22.



Basis for tweed and flannels. Brown textured leather with perforated toe detail—detail that's city-news now, too. Middling-high leather-covered heel. The Crest by Airstep, $12.30 ppd. Stetson Shoe Shop, 385 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York.



Far and wide bag, imported from Italy, for global travellers. Black calfskin with ring-set, school-bag handles, leather lining. Three zipper compartments hold valuable cargo securely. $75 plus tax. A. Barra Inc., 519 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.



Homebodies from Italy. Hand-loomed wool sweater in palomino beige, red, white, black. $12.95 inc. tax. Toreador pants in palomino or black wool with stitched crease, $17.95 postpaid. Misca Imports, P.O. Box 466, New Rochelle, N. Y.

A walk in the woods (or city) will be nicer with this soft, side-slit flat. Called "Patches," in black, two-tone grey, two-tone brown, or black and grey suède. Sizes 5 to 10, $9.95 at Selby Shoes, Fifth Ave., at 38th St., New York 16, New York.



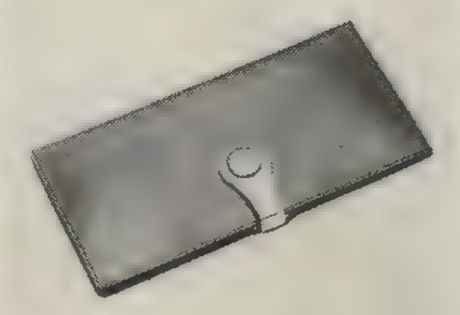
HOUND



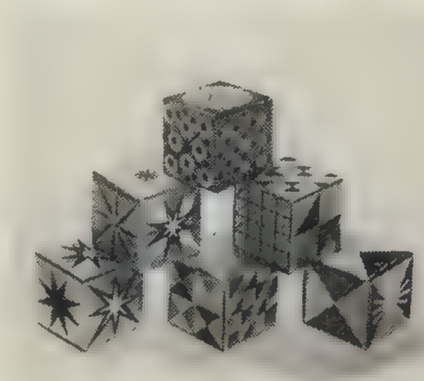
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drives in outer space.
Black, or to order in
navy blue, grey, brown,
beige. Sizes 38 (small
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to 44. $95, at Bronzini,
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or maroon crest. Sizes
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a man's long, flat wallet,
6½″ by 3¼″, in
black saddle calfskin,
or (to spotlight his wealth)
red, green, or purple
pigskin, clasped in gold.
$9 plus tax, at Gucci,
7 East 58th Street,
New York 22, New York.



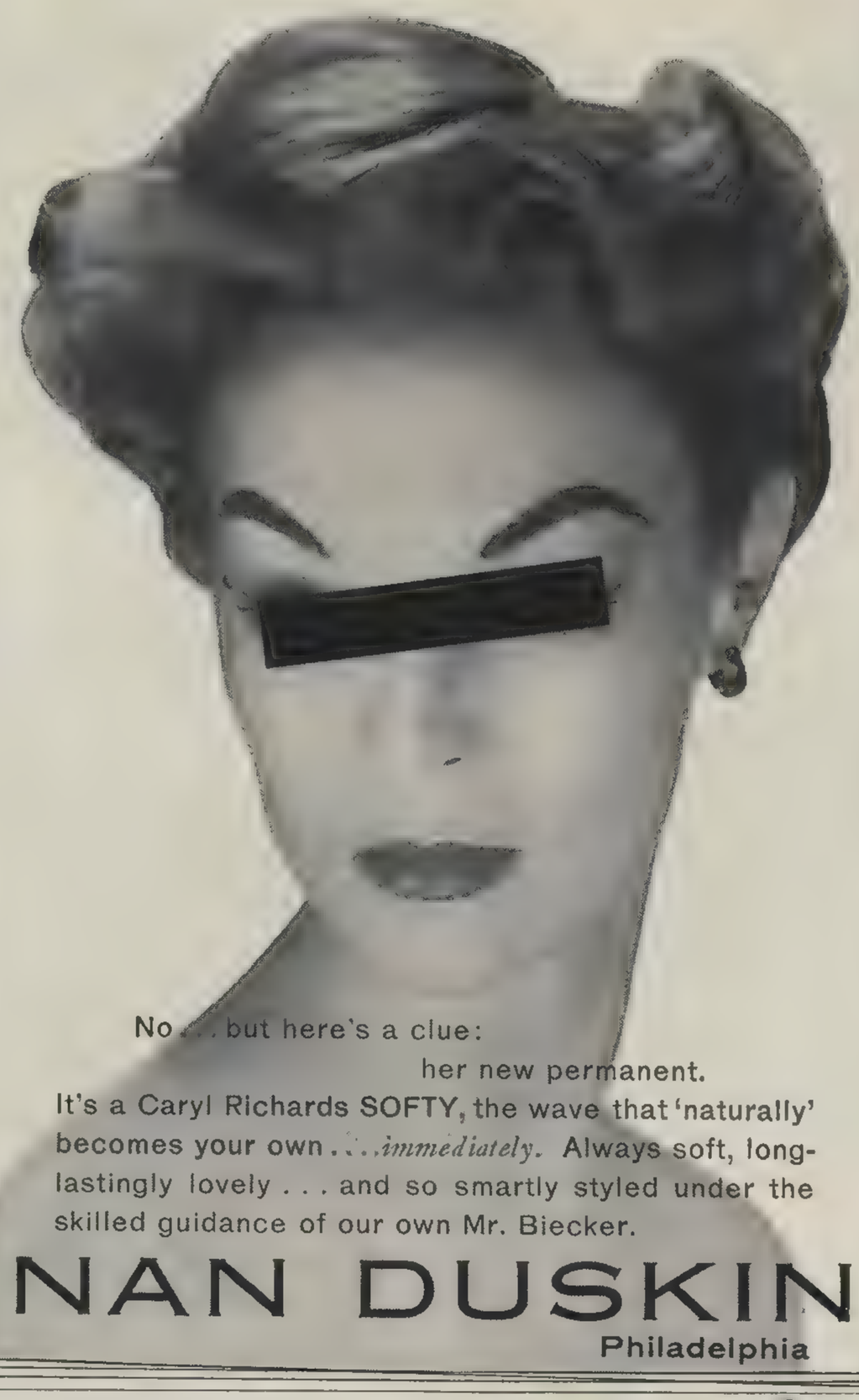
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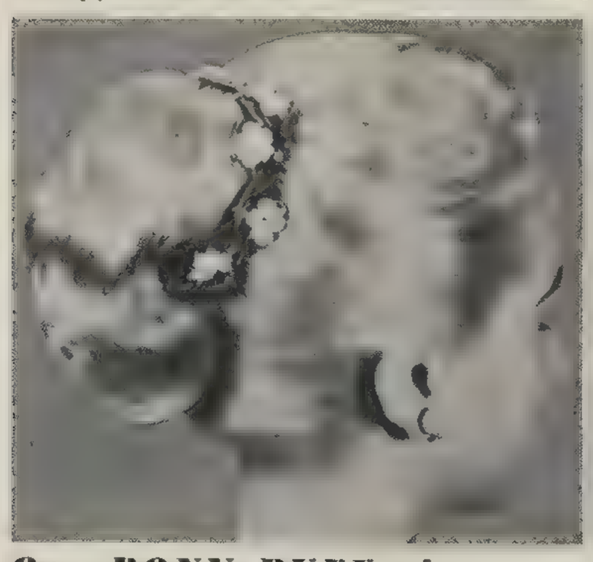


Learn French or Spanish
by playing cards!

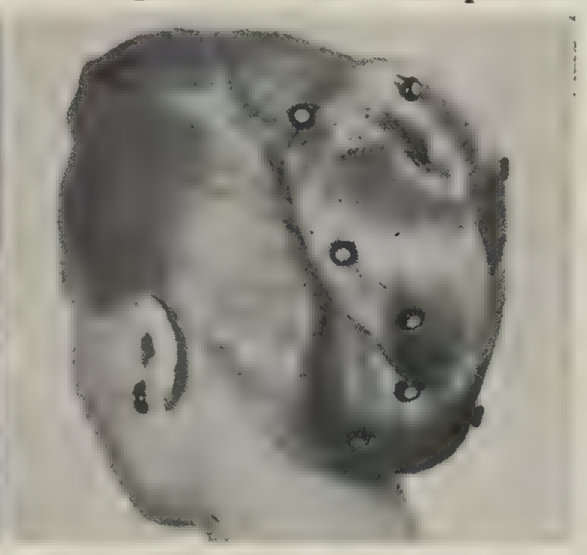
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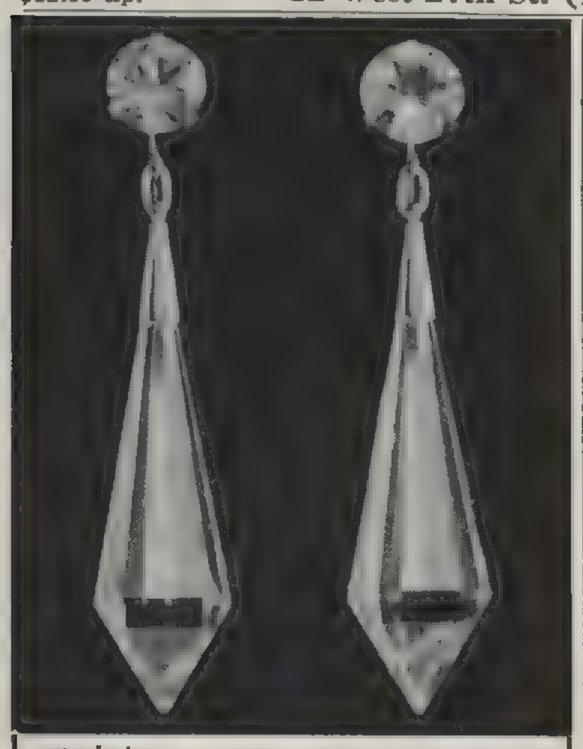


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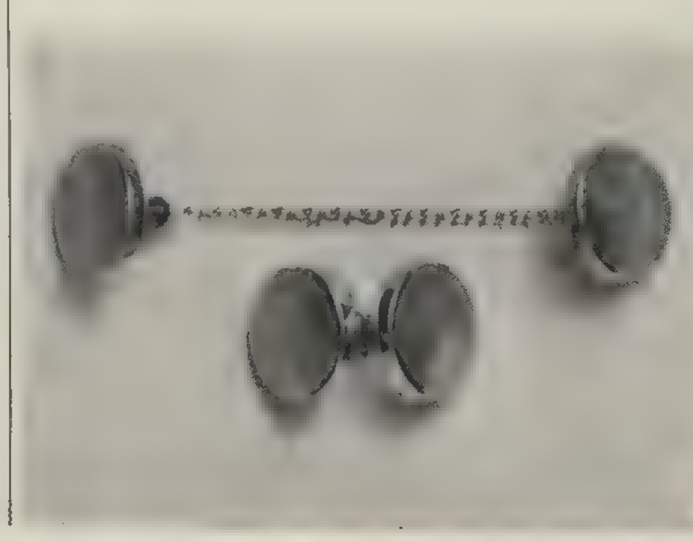


Hurry with the curry: four dishes waiting for the necessary condiments. "Mishima" pottery, made in Japan, copies of Korean pottery (7th and 8th century). Packed in a sectional white wood box. $6.50 inc. tax, ppd. At East House, 1075 First Ave., N. Y. 22.



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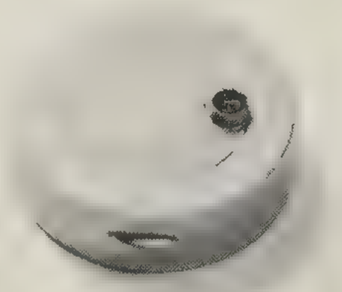
SONIC Associates
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HOUND

...*October encounters*

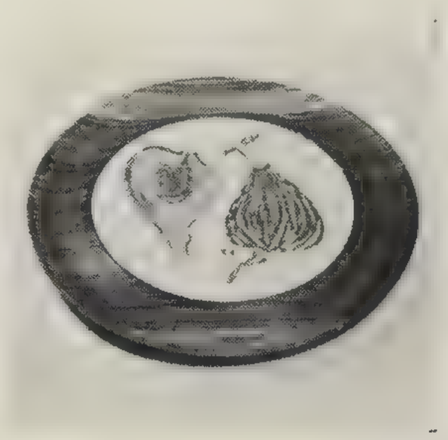


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of 14-carat gold and
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that can be set to remind
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It's about one inch across.
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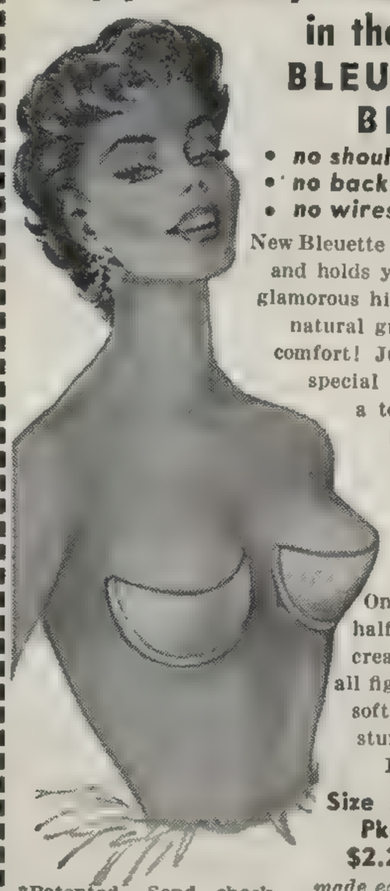


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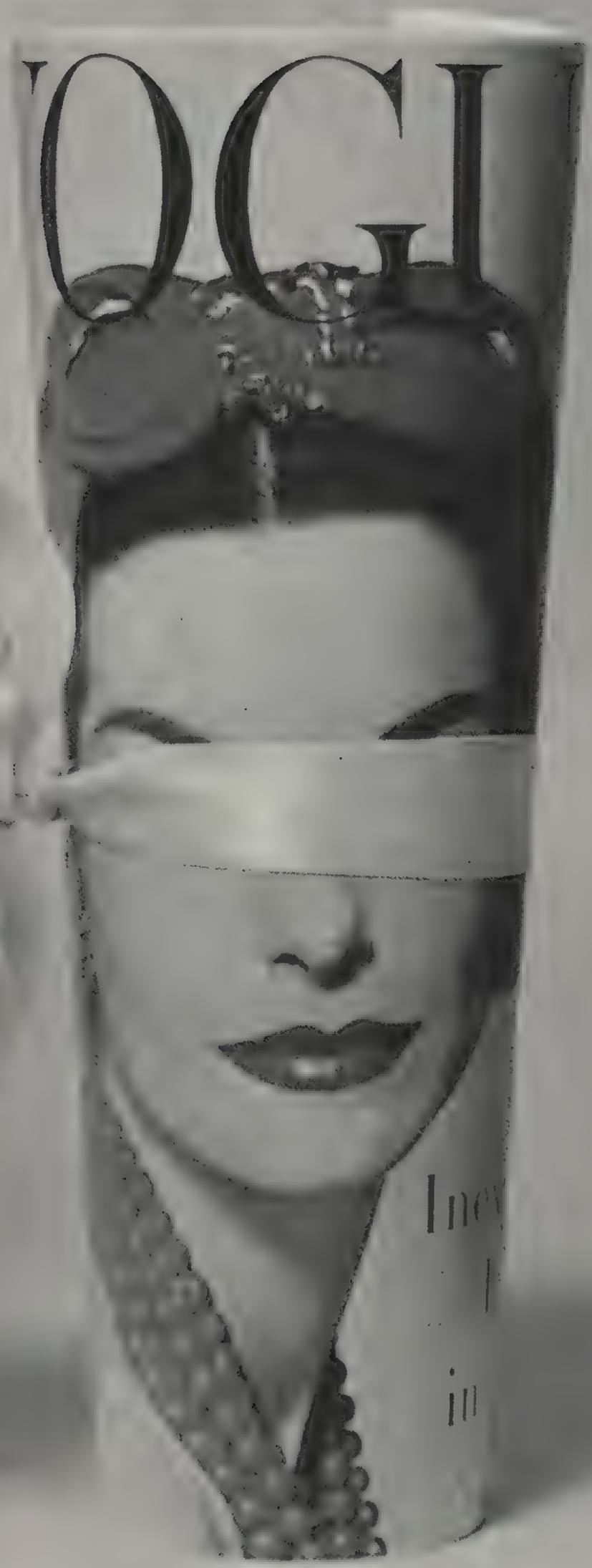
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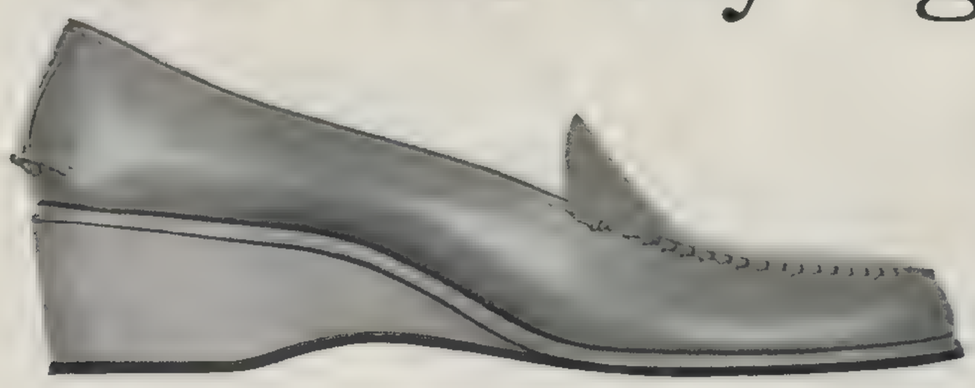
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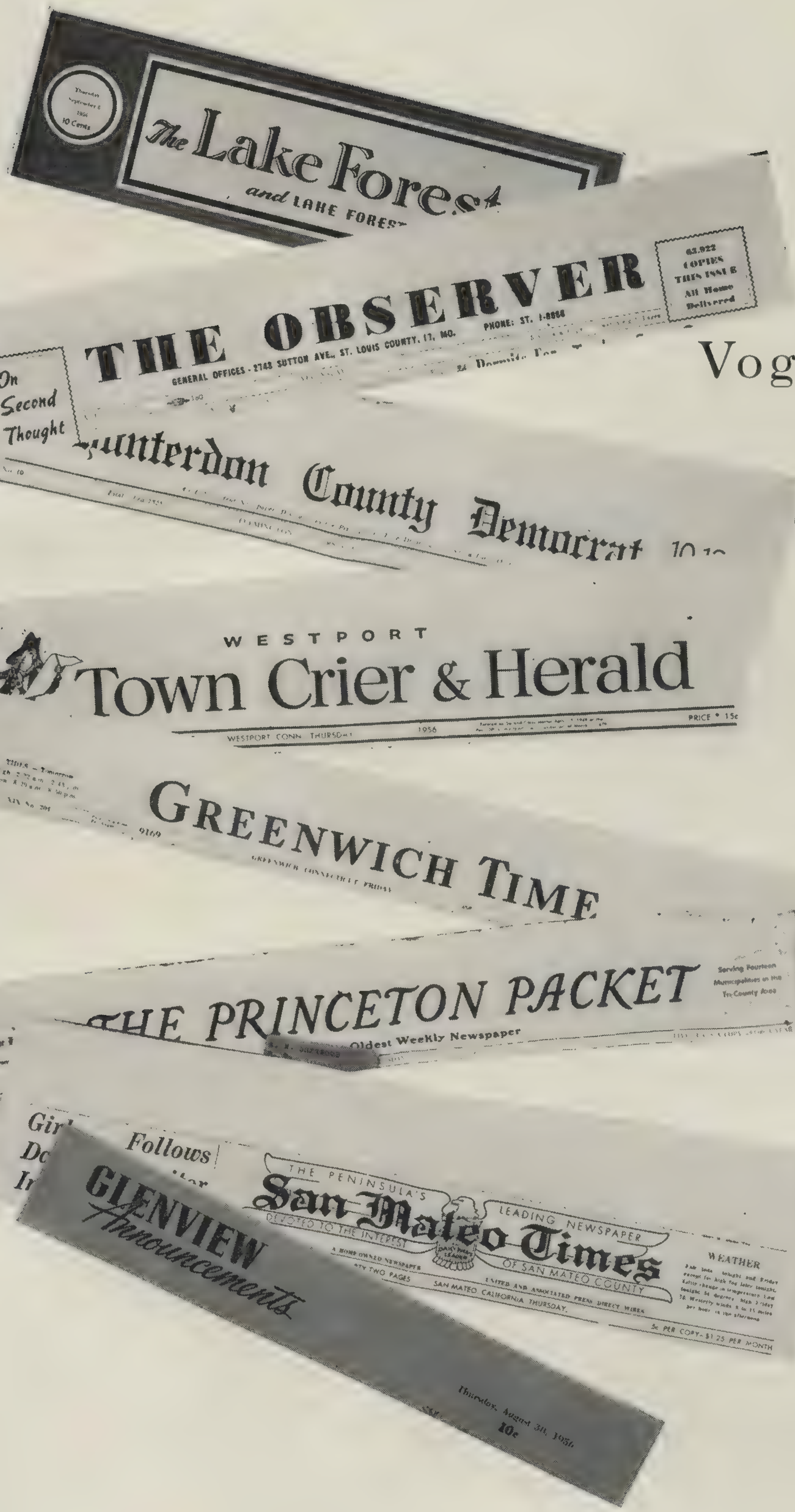


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Vogue's eye view of local news

These newspapers vary regionally (no tides in Hunterdon County)—but they have a lot in common. All have detailed reports on weather and road conditions (important factors, in the country). All have Classified sections that are almost interchangeable: "Artesian Wells Dug," "Handyman Available," "Baby-Sitter Wanted," "Dog Lost; Reward." And all have cheerfully rising circulations—as more and more people move out of the city and into the countryside (having first studied the Real Estate sections of newspapers like these). It's all created a new kind of life—and a new way of dressing, that takes into account not only country weather, country roads, but the special amenities of country living. For a report on some aspects of local news the local papers may have missed—read on....



The new Countrywoman

She's a woman with a fresh complexion, no hat, and a firm hand on the wheel of a car that bulges with children, dogs, boxes of groceries, sacks of peat moss, things to be repaired, and empty Coke bottles to be returned. She has a clothes-washer that runs most of the day; a wonderful recipe for Shrimp Jambalaya; nine poodle puppies in the basement; and an advertisement in the Stockholm (Sweden) morning newspaper for a cheerful girl to assist with housework and care of small children. (Experience not necessary; some English desirable; passage paid.)

She lives not in the deep country, probably, but within a radius of half-an-hour to an hour-and-a-half's train ride from a big city—the distance is generally reckoned by commuting time, rather than actual mileage. In spite of what her detractors say to the contrary, the Countrywoman doesn't wear blue jeans most of the time (and some Countrywomen don't wear them any of the time). She is often observed in a well-cut tweed suit, and she owns some of the handsomest cashmere sweaters in the world. The spare lipstick and compressed-powder compact tossed into the glove compartment of her car, along with a railway timetable, a device for scraping ice off the windshield, and a dormant amaryllis bulb, are apt to be in the newest colours.

The Countrywoman holds a B.A. or even an M.A., from a well-known women's college, but she was never taught to repair a power mower—she just picked that up herself. In winter, she removes enough mud from her house to build several Throughways; right now, it's leaves—bushels of leaves. Once, after a flood—or was it a hurricane?—she boiled all the water and cooked the meals for her household over the living-room fireplace for a week—and made it seem, for the most part, like one of those genial, hugger-mugger picnics they're always having in the summer.

She's a good neighbour. She'll take over a friend's children for the afternoon at the drop of a telephone call, meet another friend's house-guests at the train, take her day with the Cub Scouts and her morning at the nursery school; she expects, and gets, the same staunchness from the other Countrywomen who are *her* neighbours. She almost never gets away from children—her own, and everybody else's—yet she's amazingly un-snappish with them; less so than her city sister to whom domestic help is more available. She says it's because the children are "easier"—they can go outdoors any time they want to, not waiting to be taken to some park or playground; can zoom off on their bicycles when they feel like it; can collect things like tadpoles, and poodle puppies, that would be a nightmare in town.

Her husband, although he grumbles sometimes about the commuting grind during the week, wouldn't move back to the city for anything. Like her, he finds the compensations overwhelming. Besides, he's terribly busy planning a way to dam up the stream to make a swimming-pond for next summer.

The Countrywoman is a relatively new phenomenon, on the scale on which she now exists—a product of the great decentralization of recent, post-war years. Although she does an amount of actual work that her pioneer great-great-grandmothers wouldn't be ashamed of, and has many accomplishments not even dreamed-of in their day, she's one of the prettiest people we know—and one of the nicest. We've tried to show, in this issue, some clothes that will fit her life. And we're looking forward eagerly to spending next week end with her.

New country car robe. *Facing page:* The Countrywoman's everything-coat, this could be—sand-coloured wool fleece wrapped and tied as softly and easily as a bathrobe. Has a little more in mind, however. For instance, it'll take in suits, dresses, sweaters and skirts—even a red chiffon dinner dress, and very smartly. Coat by A. Davis, in Worumbo wool; $90. Monet earrings; pigskin bag: all Saks Fifth Ave. Coat, also Harzfeld's.

RAWLINGS



The cashmere shirt-Countrywoman's news

Shirt-like sweaters—next news for a Countrywoman's cashmere treasury. *Far left:* Sweater cut for the shirt-treatment—collared white cashmere. By Dior for Lyle & Scott, $50. This, gilt jewellery: Bergdorf Goodman. *Near left:* Shirt softness, and a new idea in cardigan-buttoning—aside. Beige cashmere, by Khandur, $33. This, and the roped-tweed Sloat skirt (latter, $35): Henri Bendel.

RAWLINGS



The new Countrywoman's riding clothes—motorized units

Opposite: Two coats in the cockpit of the Chrysler New Yorker convertible not afraid of a stiff breeze at all—they're leather. Far left, navy-blue kidskin coat doubly insulated with a red Lebanon worsted jersey lining. The coat line is traditional open-car Italian: loose cut, slim strapped sleeves, dead stop at the knees. $135. Franklin Simon. Near left, the white kidskin shirt, side-slit. It's a coat that can afford the luxury of being white—it scrubs up with soap and water, softens up en route. By Samuel Robert, $155. Bonwit Teller; Lillie Rubin. Mark Cross bag. *Directly right:* "Big" coat for the woman who's not—it's proportioned beautifully. By Petite Miss, in Warren of Stafford blond wool fleece. $70. Lord & Taylor. Saddle-bag bag: Lederer. *Right, below:* Fleecy nylon country coat for light warmth and heavy duty—evening-coat duty even possible with this. By Lumay. In junior sizes, about $90. Peck & Peck. British Walkers shoes. *Directly below:* Striped wool tweed country suit that needn't think of leaving same. That's the luxury of it—it's as special in its fashion as the black silk city dress. By Vera Maxwell, in grey-brown tweed, $90. This, double-handle, calfskin bag: Milgrim. *All scarfs:* acting like car-hoods—all, by Echo: De Pinna.

RAWLINGS









New country fixtures: hooded dresses; the black country suit

Right: Leaning on the open-out Mercedes-Benz sports car that's made for leg-room and road-grip—two dresses with collars made to turn themselves inside out to be useful to the Countrywoman. In each case, the soft, prettily-arranged collar can be drawn up to its full height to provide a hood against wind-swept open cars, open fields. The fixture (and it could become precisely that) can work beautifully, too, under a hoodless coat. Near right, bright blue knitted sheath hooded (or collared, depending on how you arrange it) in more of same. This, by Goldworm in wool. $45. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Shoes by Bally. Far right, tweeded, hooded dress of brown Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey—hood (or collar?) coral-lined. By Pat Premo, about $70. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Shoes here, by Gamins. *Left:* Suit that might spend its whole life in the country—or have just come out for the day. The point is, it's black that doesn't stretch a point to look correct in a country situation: Oxford black tweed with a box-cut jacket that just hits the hipbone; straight skirt made walkable by means of an inverted pleat. By Davidow, in a British woollen, about $125. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Pull-on casual hat of beige furry felt, by Betmar, at Bonwit Teller. Italian bag, at Lederer.





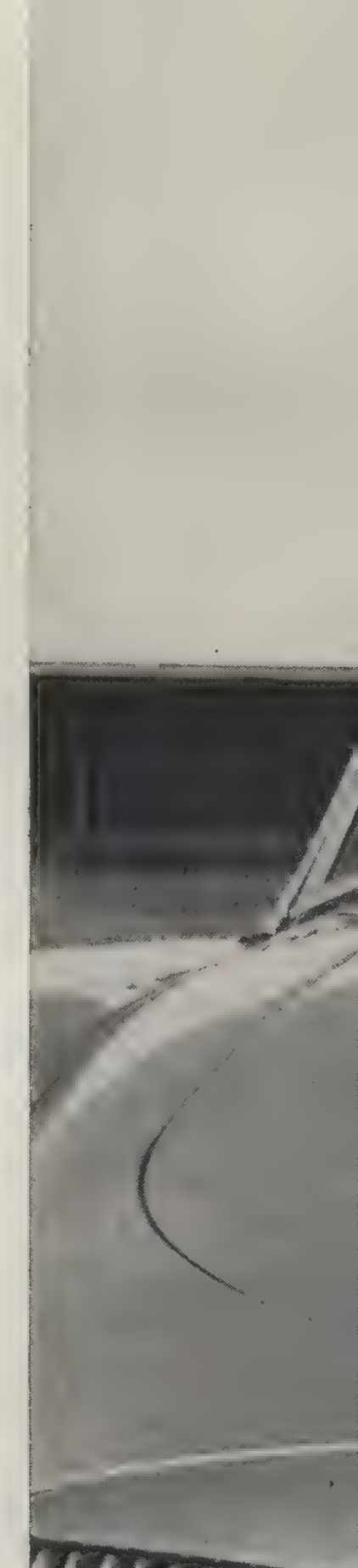
Country dresses—not too rural

Good when the dress requirements are: dress, but keep it easy. *Opposite:* Near right, beige-and-brown herringbone wool tweed dress with a close-clipped neatness (maybe the British woollen's partly responsible for this?), a close-buttoned shapeliness. By David Goodstein, $70. Jay Thorpe; L. S. Ayres. Far right, soft mauve wool-and-mohair dress—more of a go-to-lunch than a go-to-meeting dress. By Brigance of Sportsmaker, $50. Lord & Taylor; Frost Bros. Bally shoes. The chariot (note scarfs): the new MG—this, from Doerring Motors, Southampton, Long Island. *Directly left:* Pale blond jersey shirt dress bloused over an elastic drawstring under its belt, with a span of pockets—and activities. By Georgia Bullock, of Sag-No-Mor worsted, $50. Commuter too: Lamb Aviation plane out of Easthampton, Long Island. This, knitted hat, tote bag on the arm: Bergdorf Goodman. *Left, below:* Knitted wool polo-shirt dress with plenty of city life in it—it's black with brown, casual but not flagrantly so. Jane Irwill dress, $30. Madcaps casual cloche. Both: Peck & Peck. *Directly below:* Dress for a Sunday lunch, country evening. Wool challis in an unusual combination of colours—brass-green and pink. There's some bareness visible (and some not—a strip of sandal with this, when it's going to dinner). By Clare Potter, in British woollen. About $100. Lord & Taylor. Lederer bag.

RAWLINGS













Station coats and a new way to get there

Two coats in plenty of time for the 5:32, and right on the button with the car news. The 1957 Ford Fairlane 500, in delivery this month, is longer (almost a foot), lower (four inches), sleeker than last year's, and arranged for greater visibility and driving ease (one sound reason to put it into the Countrywoman's hands). Coats? Fine in the Grand Central Station environment, as well. *Station coat, right:* Smart new coating for the Countrywoman—and her city days. Navy-blue Stroock fleece in a length that's good fashion news this year, whatever the locale. By Originala, about $185. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. *Station coat, above:* Overcoat, but not over-generous amount—this, proportioned for the small woman. By Lilli Ann, in blond mink-hair and wool, about $115. Striped carryall. Both, Saks 34th Street; The May Co., Los Angeles.

KAREN RADKAI





Sweater first—tweeded cashmere

Opposite: The newest sweater in the country (since the silk sweater in the city) and a car that's coming in on both city and country beams with *two* sets of headlights—the 1957 Lincoln Premier "Landau." The sweater's a fashion achievement as important as that other Bernhard Altmann "first," the double-knitted cashmere. The "tweed" results when heavy nubs of cashmere yarn are knitted in with the usual cashmere. Here, in tawny beige, over a skirt of brown doeskin flannel. Both, by Bernhard Altmann. Sweater, $30; skirt, $15. These, calfskin belt: Best's. Separates: L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Evins shoes: I. Miller. Archer "Fantasy" stockings. Lilly Daché bag. Clairol's "Sun Silver" hair-colouring.

Sweater dressing—next in line

Directly right: All in line, here, lemon yellow in the country—in a wrap-around British woollen tweed skirt and a wool sweater with a look of soft bulk. The skirt earns its way in time-saved-dressing alone. Sweater, $42.50; skirt, $45; cotton broadcloth blouse, $15. All, by Elizabeth Phelps. At Lord & Taylor. *Right, below:* A new angled line for cable stitching on an ivory cashmere sweater, its good fit accentuated by a swashbuckling belt, the skirt's circling shape. Details of the skirt, page 59. Sweater, by Pringle. $30. This, Calderon belt: Bonwit Teller.





KAREN RADKAI

VOGUE, OCTOBER 15, 1956


RAWLINGS



Apron tunics; superplaid

Left: New way to dress houseboy pants—tie on a tunic. Dinner at home, whoever's cook. Far left, black and red velveteen apron, $17; black Lebanon worsted jersey pants, $13. By Sportwhirl. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Near left, white tunic—lasting pleats of Alamac's Thalspun jersey (Orlon-and-wool), about $35. Slender black velvet pants, about $30. By Donald Brooks; junior sizes. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. *This page:* Indoors-evening skirt—grey-black-white British woollen ($35); black sweater, of Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey ($10). By Country Clothes. Altman's; Marshall Field; Sakowitz. Trifari pearls: Altman's. Shoes here, and on facing page: by Capezio. *Indoors*—at Mr. Peter Blake's, Watermill, L.I.





NORMAN PARKINSON

MARGARET LEIGHTON AND ERIC PORTMAN—each shown in dual aspects, *above*—will play on Broadway later this month their famous dual rôles in Terence Rattigan's *Separate Tables*, a double bill which has been for two seasons a powerful excitement on the London stage. Its construction, the focal fascination, is interlocking. Keeping as constants, the locale—an unpromising seaside hotel—and a small, fruitful range of subsidiary characters, Rattigan has unravelled, with ingenious, inch-by-inch restraint, two quite separate plots. Miss Leighton is the heroine in both—first, a fading ex-model (left, above), neurotic and terrified; then, a bespectacled spinster with a clumping walk (right, above). In the first story (again left, above), Portman plays a journalist, generally drunk and eternally disappointed. Later he appears as a natty major, who is, unfortunately, a fraud. Miracle-glue holds the parts together—a compound of superb performances and the author's quick sympathy for battered humanity.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

CONSTANCE TOMKINSON (below) is the author of *Les Girls*, a snatch of autobiography that glitters like broken glass in sunlight. With the amiable audacity that she once brought to the high kick and the cancan, this sometime Basil Beauty chorus girl gives most entertainingly her adventures in various chorus lines which she joined to see the world (below, Christmas in Germany). In the process of sight-seeing, she became one of "Les Girls des Folies-Bergère." Experimenting doubtfully with the art of gold digging, she cozened one Dutch merchant out of one chipped and valueless industrial diamond: "The wages of sin," she wrote to her father, a Canadian clergyman, "is boredom."





DE MORGOLI



I Z L E R S O L O M O N (right), square and spare as a small fortress, is the young director of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. Bolting from engagement to engagement like a stone from a sling, he rounded off his summer as director of the Music Festival at Aspen, Colorado, by taking under his darting, authoritative hands (he conducts without a baton) the American *première* of Darius Milhaud's opera, *David*, in the Hollywood Bowl, sung this time in English. Intense and versatile, Solomon has been shaping orchestras to the demands of his musicianship since 1931. His lengthening list of recordings ranges from Pergolesi and Bach to Copland.

E L A I N E M A L B I N (above) made her début as a concert soprano at fourteen, jarring one critic into comparing her with the young Adelina Patti. Now at twenty-five, with an annual income of $100,000, she belongs to a rising race of singers who eat regularly, the Television Divas. Serious and disciplined, Miss Malbin works out daily in a gym to shed tensions, develop stamina. For the next two months, she will tour the U.S. with the NBC-TV opera company, singing *Madame Butterfly*, symbolized here by the geisha doll.



A L B E R T M A R R E (below), a thirty-five-year-old Broadway director with a broody, clinical attack, staged the first hit of the season, a potent *Saint Joan*, the Shaw version, with Siobhan McKenna as Joan. Since last winter, when he directed *The Chalk Garden*, a play of twice-filtered brilliance that demands from its director both formidable strength and quick sensitivity, Marre has enjoyed a reputation for backstage wizardry. When a play founders on the road, he is regarded as the man most likely to "bring it in"—i.e., fix it up for Broadway. This year, he expects to stage, besides *Joan*, a musical version of *Grand Hotel*. Actually, Marre set out originally to study law. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he planned to settle down with Blackstone, he put up instead with Shakespeare, directing thirty-odd plays for the famous Brattle Theatre. On Broadway, perversely, his first flaring success was *Kismet*, a honky-tonked musical populated largely by girls in Turkish trousers. Quizzed about this lucrative enigma, Marre said —enigmatically: "When I go from one thing to another, I pull a switch."

' ' C H E W E D U P (O R D I S A P P O I N T E D M A N) , ' ' a wash drawing (left) by Paul Klee, will be part of a small, delectable exhibition of Klees at the Chicago Arts Club next month. Shown last year at the Tate Gallery in London, these pictures—fretted with the literary, pinprick wit of this teasing painter—are all from the collection of Mrs. Edward Hulton, a Russian princess living now in England. "Chewed Up," with its look of thorough and proper rage, was done in 1933 when Klee abandoned Nazi Germany. Its title is, oddly, reminiscent of the American Southernism, "chawed," meaning *mad*.



The exact history of how a man learned to speak again, and well, after an operation for cancer of the larynx; it was written by his wife, who learned something too.

STILL

It started with a sore throat, just a small sore throat that wouldn't go away. Because my husband never complained of small aches or pains the way he did of this one, I could see that it worried him. But Christmas was near, children were coming home from school and college. One was busy—"it" would go away. Finally he went to the family physician who suggested hopeful sprays and gargles. Another two or three weeks went by, the throat getting no worse but no better.

He was passed on to the throat specialist. Several cultures were taken and with them came the first note of apprehension: a two- or three-day wait between each laboratory analysis, the unspoken relief when the reports showed nothing but armies of mean bacteria marching about. The word "cancer" had not been spoken between us.

New swabs and sprays but still the annoying rat-ta-tat of pain. Then the throat specialist's decision to do a biopsy (taking a piece of tissue from around the sore area for analysis). With the word biopsy we were moving into serious areas: "positive" or "negative" grew into gigantic words. Ours was a Wednesday biopsy, which meant waiting through a long week end until Monday for the verdict. Apprehension sharpened with a call from the throat specialist asking us to go to Dr. X for examination and for the result of the biopsy. Dr. X is a famous cancer man, specializing in neck surgery.

We were not prepared for the waiting room at Dr. X's. Fifteen or eighteen people were there, almost all with a nose or ear swathed in bandages, a patch over an eye, or a wrapped throat—a resigned stillness over all. There was a quality of pressed-down waiting in the room. No one stirred. Although the magazines were varied and recent, no one reached for one. At last the nurse called our name. I followed my husband into the examining room. If this was it, I wanted to understand what he was in for. I wanted to be with him.

I think I know why doctors don't want their examining rooms cluttered with relatives, but I was not prepared for the reception I got. Three doctors came in, Dr. X, his partner, and a young associate. The nurse introduced my husband. Dr. X drew up the examining stool, the only piece of sittable furniture except the chair my husband sat in. If the doctors were aware that I stood there they gave no sign. I thought how comforting it would be to say, "Of course, he must have the truth, but gently, *please*. This man is case 1,001 to you but he's my husband. His own father died two days after undergoing a throat operation, and he has always had an unreasoning fear of the knife."

After almost half an hour of probings and questions, Dr. X said that we must go for X rays. My husband interjected that if important steps were being contemplated he would like to know as he had affairs to settle. With that Dr. X stood up and, acknowledging my presence by the slightest nod in my direction (for which I found myself being unreasonably grateful), said that there was nothing more serious than the business at hand. Then the granite face disappeared. How easy to understand theoretically the protective mask of a surgeon, the retreat from human entanglements, but in reality how chilling.

Once on the street my husband said, "Well, there is no doubt about what I have, is there?" There wasn't. The verdict had really come to us when we walked into the waiting room of the bandaged faces and throats.

Another period of waiting began, another visit to Dr. X. There was talk of treatments instead of an operation. Another biopsy, another long week end. It was Wednesday before the call came to report to Dr. X. I was off on an errand. When I returned I saw the answer in my husband's stricken face. The operation was scheduled for Monday, and this was Wednesday. Week ends were assuming enormous proportions. This one included our son's twenty-first birthday. As we went in to dinner, my husband drew me aside and said, "Please, no toasts," and I knew how much it was taking to go through with the gaiety. Strangely, once the "positive" diagnosis had been made, after weeks of giving his nights over to apprehension and barbituates, he began sleeping better.

On Sunday he dressed for church, as usual in striped trousers and black sack coat. At one o'clock we reported at the hospital. As we walked up the steps of Memorial (a hospital devoted almost exclusively to cancer patients) I remarked that he was probably the first patient to go into Memorial for an operation in striped pants. The operation was scheduled for one o'clock the next day. Our two married daughters came in with their husbands. Forced casualness pervaded the room; the afternoon wore itself into evening as we drifted about in trivial conversation. The fact that their father might never again call, sing, laugh, shout, or even bellow at them in his rich and booming voice was inconceivable to these young women. When the good nights had been said and he and I were left looking at each other across the white counterpane, we knew that this might be the last hour that words could flow freely between us. We knew and were mute. Sharply, it came to me how much a part of personality the voice is. Of course, we were still hoping that the vocal cords could be saved; even a part of them would mean a return to some semblance of the former voice.

VOICE

By Eloise O'Mara

The fear of the operation, of yielding to panic, was still there, but the next day, as they wheeled my husband off and he said good-bye calmly to our son and daughters and to me, only deep in his eyes could I see "the look." His last words to Dr. X before the anaesthetic were, "Don't cut out anything that will interfere with my golf game."

Six hours later our family physician and the throat specialist who had observed the operation came into the room. It was over. It was successful, but it had been a "radical." Until that moment I hadn't quite realized how strongly I had been hoping for a miracle.

Three hours later my husband came down from the recovery room. He was in a semiconscious state and although no one had yet told him the details of the operation, he motioned for a pencil and wrote in a wavering, heartbreaking scrawl, "Voice is gone."

The second message written on the slate early the next morning was, "Where the hell is a decent sheet?" I felt he had made the first step on the road to recovery. When Dr. X stopped on his rounds, he explained to my husband just what had been done and what lay before him: two methods of speech, one mechanical, one natural. The mechanical device is an electric larynx, a box containing batteries and a vibrator. The vibrator is held against the neck; words formed silently by the lips while this contact is held vibrate into speech. While this method produces distinct speech it has a tinny sound. There is also a battery "buzz." The natural method, on the other hand, is the long, hard, sure way. Once learned one need not fear losing it.

When he finished his explanation, my husband wrote on his slate: "When can I start the natural way?" Less than eighteen hours had passed since the operation. He was beginning to chalk up victories.

I soon discovered there is just so much talking you can do *at* a person. His effort to be bright when people called was followed by a retreat into melancholia. Sad eyes followed me about the room. My small talk stirred no response. In those first days in the hospital I searched for a pattern for our changed lives. Finally I realized none could be established until we were home again.

The four children, whenever their private lives, their own homes, college, or boarding school allowed, came to relieve me at the hospital and learned for themselves how to adapt to the new communications system. Our fifteen-year-old daughter was deeply upset to find her father, symbol of all wisdom and authority, suddenly silenced. One day I asked her to relieve me and to spend the afternoon with her father. She worried about *her* rôle. What could she talk about for three hours to someone whose only response was a sign or a short note? Could she read aloud well enough to interest him? She finally resorted to a dress rehearsal with an understanding teacher in her school. The visit was successful.

As his strength increased so did the desire for expression. I have wished that I had kept the early pad and pencil notes, but one day I came in and found a maid reading them while my husband slept. It was like eavesdropping. After that I destroyed them.

I had my own pitfalls to overcome. Occasionally, when the pad was handed to me to read from, I instinctively picked up a pencil to write my answer. Often I found myself talking to him in a loud voice as if he were also deaf. A laryngectomy patient usually has to put up with people's instinct to shout at him.

After a week, my husband began to learn to take care of himself. The incision had been made at the base of the neck in front, and a hole almost the size of a quarter was left. This is called a "stoma." Part of the time a short silver tube was inserted. There was a good deal of post-operative drainage that had to be siphoned off. Soon he was taking over from the nurses, doing this for himself, holding a mirror in one hand and using a small rubber tube attached to an electric vacuum pump.

The day before leaving the hospital the house doctor told us that of course showers were dangerous, and swimming a thing of the past. I asked why. Drowning too easy. I then asked when the hole at the base of the neck would heal. The doctor, looking surprised, said, "Why, it's healing beautifully." I asked when the hole would close. The startled doctor said, "Never—how could the patient breathe?" Just as startled, I said, "I don't understand. Please draw a picture."

The doctor said he could not draw but attempted some anatomical chicken scratches to enlighten me. A wistful note from my husband after the departure of the doctor signified that the whole thing was news to him. He was obviously quite shocked at the idea that his mouth was now purely for eating and his nose little more than an ornament, and that all breath of life was forever to come through a hole in his neck. The next slate writing said, "This involuntary Trappist has a lot to learn."

The day before leaving the hospital, Mr. W, one of the speech teachers recommended by a surgeon, called on us. He was a man about my husband's age who had had the same operation ten years before. He spoke in a rather husky, monotonous voice, but distinctly. *(Continued on page 126)*

FURTHER NEWS FROM PARIS

Views of two of the great collections, here—excerpts from the fashions shown at Balenciaga and at Givenchy. Their points on these eight pages: drapery used ingeniously; the little-black-dress idea, idealized; evening sheaths of a new cut, new length; much play with capes. But for all the subtle and beautiful differences expressed at Balenciaga and at Givenchy, fashion osmosis worked on them too: through these collections ran the vein of nostalgic elegance that marked all the openings.

GIVENCHY Empire dresses with easy drapery. Left, here: the drapery's all to the front, all to the good—the look emerges "tunic." The colour: Paris-grey—(there was a refreshing lot of it in many of the collections), grey suède belt. It's that rarity—a good under-coat, under-cape dress. Suède hat. In America, in wool, at Macy's; Eaton's of Canada.

BALENCIAGA coupling drapery news with black. Right: an obi effect is whipped around to the front of the silk dress, and the rest is tunic legend—one of the most beautiful afternoon looks in any meridian. Loose cut of sleeve; neckline skinned away. The hat, a black velvet Balenciaga button.

HORST


RILLON





PARIS BLACK—DRAPED

BALENCIAGA tunic variation,
far left—three-quarters tunic, one-quarter a bolero
tied softly at the back into panels. A black silk costume
with great authority—Balenciaga did some of his best
afternoon dresses with tunics. Chignon cap of red satin.
GIVENCHY sheath news, top left, in black
wool jersey, a sling of it to the back
bordered in white ermine. The cowl-like drapery's held
in check by a shoulder-blade bow. Black satin hat:
a patch sprigged with white flowers.
BALENCIAGA tunic #1 of his collection,
directly above—and a good starting point
for drapery: from a bow just below the bosom.
This, shallow pointed neckline, tapering sleeves—all,
very simple *looking*. Black silk. The hat: tulle,
ostrich feathers, ribbon. In America, at Nan Duskin;
Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson.
GIVENCHY sheathed-sheath, right—sheathed
in a tunic that loosely resembles a toga here.
The drapery could be arranged differently:
no tie at the waist, more of the dress showing.
Beautiful planning: either way, the planned look of the
dress remains. Black wool jersey. White ermine hat.

HORST



PARIS
COLLARS—
A NEW SLANT

HORST



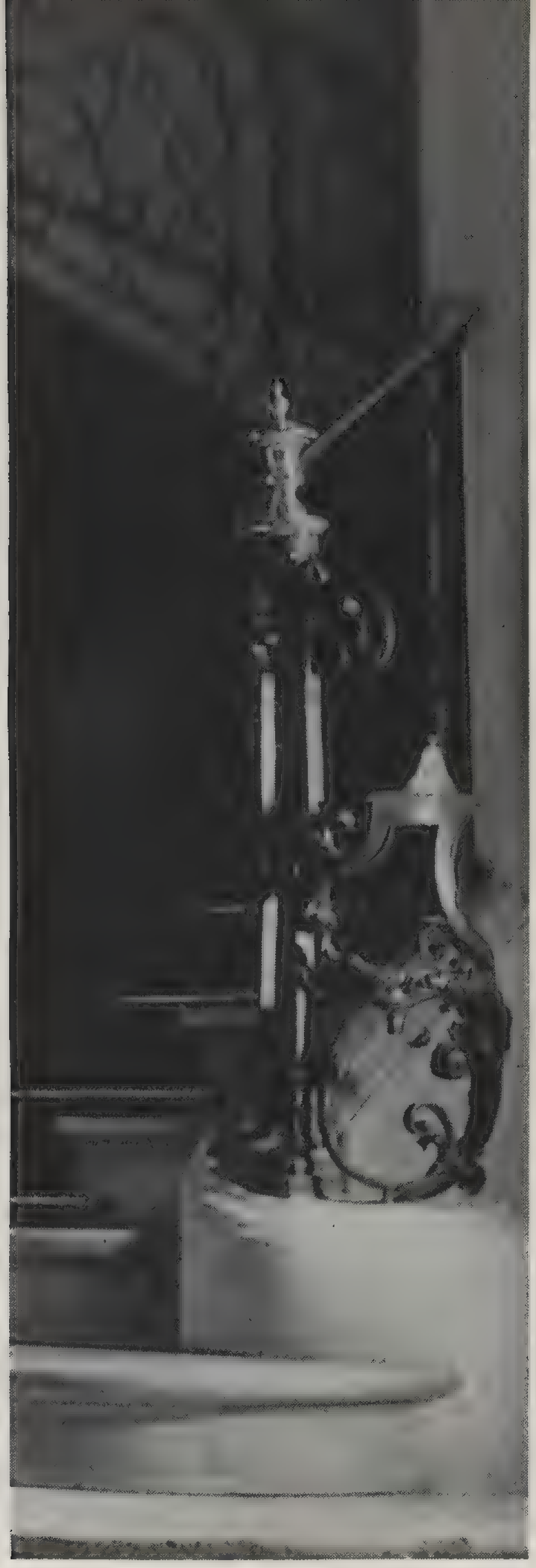
GIVENCHY caped-cape—and the most flexible collar in town, left. Actually, it's a wool boa tipped to the back here; completely relaxed it would circle the shoulders at a much lower altitude. Exaggerated slimness otherwise. Black wool tweed; saucer buttons. In America at Russeks. GIVENCHY funnel collar, above, channelling cape interest into a new direction—and bringing hats down around the ears. City-daytime suit, black-and-white speckled wool tweed, double-breasted up to and including the collar. BALENCIAGA black wool afternoon coat, right, sizeable white mink collar and tie. The length of coat pulls a tunic look into the picture; underneath there's a black sheath. Fur seal hat. In America at Macy's; Nan Duskin.





PARIS—NARROW LENGTH

BALENCIAGA evening sheath of fine black wool, left.
There's a maximum train to this—a free-floating panel
that starts just at the point where the square neckline ends.
One of the great inspirations of the Paris Collections,
this narrow elegant line appears at
the most important parties. In America, at Lord & Taylor.
GIVENCHY strapless evening tunic, above,
very typical of the beautiful disembodied look Givenchy gives
almost all his tunics whatever their timing.
Here it's sheath-and-tunic in one (in white satin), with the
tunic cutting back. The dress's ultimate length:
short evening length. In America at Bergdorf Goodman.
BALENCIAGA at the high mark of evening white, right—
white satin, white point d'esprit, suspended by a satin ribbon.
The train's a brief bit of panelling, while the length
at the front uncovers a covered shoe. This, one of the
private-house party dresses in abundance in Paris this season.





VOGUE, OCTOBER 15, 1956

HORST

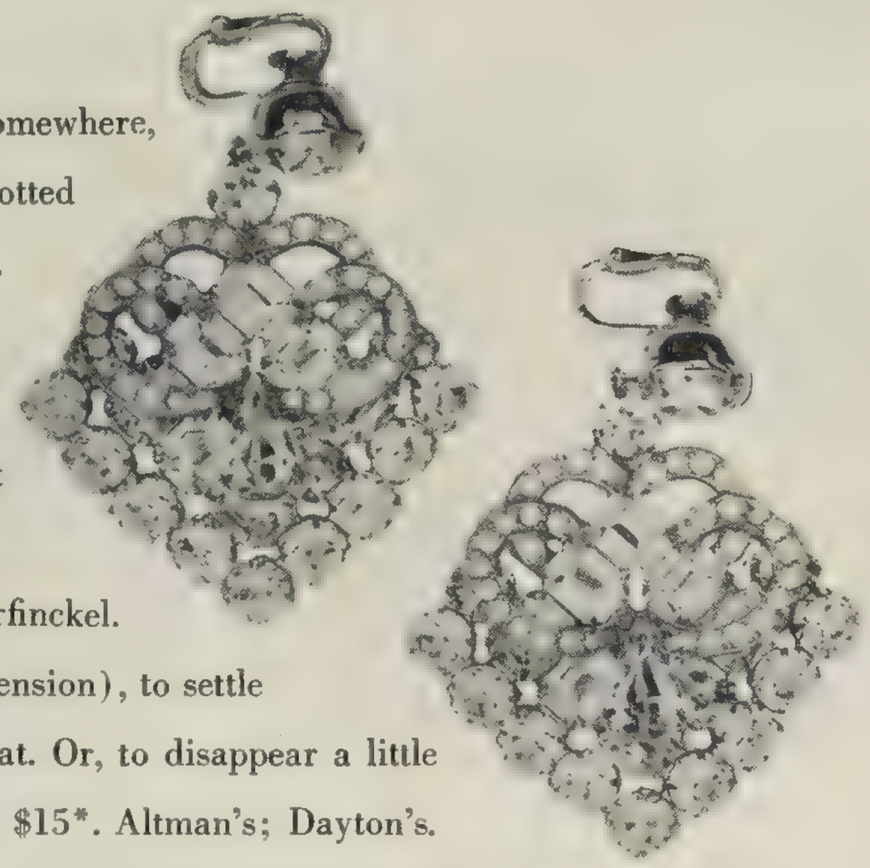


Big-jewel news: rhinestones by the handful

When black's in the fashion limelight, there's a rhinestone around somewhere, to focus it. This year the news both ways could be spotted almost from Mars (flying rhinestone saucers next, probably).

One sure measure of rhinestone news—a ruler: nothing on this page under two inches.

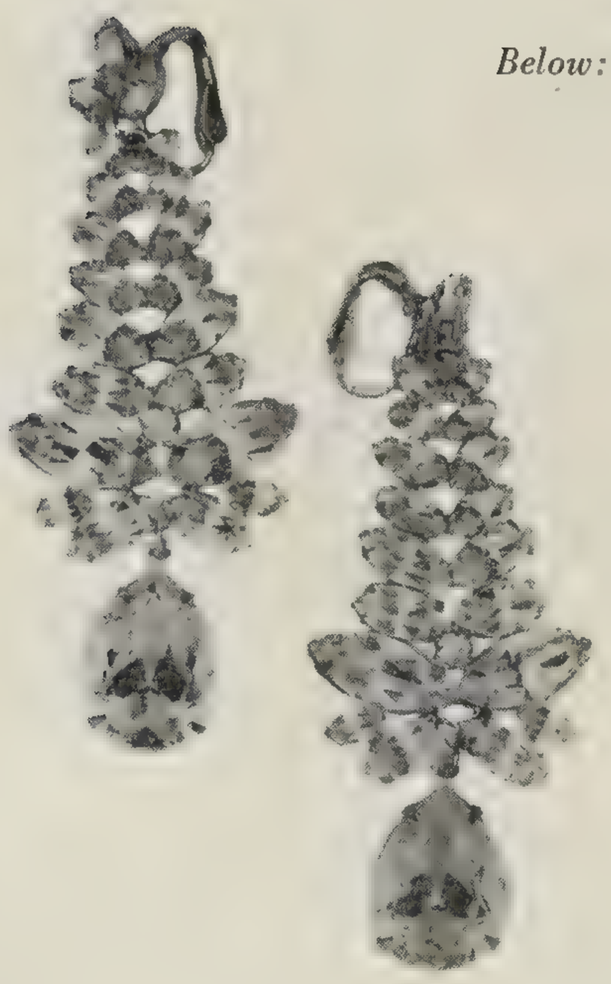
Top of page: Pin showering rhinestones freely—from a high point on a high-waisted dress, perhaps? Splendid idea, too: this, and black dinner tweeds. By Kramer, $12*. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel.



Second from top: Snowflake pin (blizzard-dimension), to settle on a big black tulle or ostrich-feather hat. Or, to disappear a little in ripples of pale chiffon. By Weiss, $15*. Altman's; Dayton's.

Below: Rhinestone pendulums swinging in with the new swinging haircuts—to name just one situation. Earrings, by Marvella, $20*. Bonwit Teller; Burdine's.

Directly right: Rhinestone squares with the kind of a bow Fabergé might have tied—the precise shape for a sirenish dinner dress. By Eisenberg, $22.50*. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field. *PLUS TAX



Big-evening news: the brocade ribbon

Facing page: Slender, shining, simple as this—one way the grand evening dazzle runs this year, and one way the look is gentle while dazzling.

Eucalyptus-green and gold brocade (the gold, real as real—the thread's Indian), by Galanos. The hem, notice, an inch shorter to provide a foot of news—non-bare shoe, covered in brocade to match the dress.

Coral and pearl bracelet, diamond and emerald earrings: all, Cartier.

Dress, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Lipstick, "Folly Red" by Barbara Gould.





Fur at the height of its glory— the evening wrap

Blue fox and chinchilla—two palely delicious furs, one new fashion point. A woman doesn't *wear* these furs—she clings to them. The look? Elegance—shrugged off lightly. *Left:* Great wrapped coat of Saga Norwegian blue fox that wouldn't turn a hair at going out in other dress, midday. Deep collar, no formal closing, except what happens when a woman hugs the coat close. White rayon matte jersey dress draped *à la grec* (*à la* Alix). High waistband, a rhinestone spray. Coat, from Revillon. Maurice Rentner dress. Both: Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Diamonds in platinum: S. G. Barnett. The lights in the hair—Roux "Smoke Toner." *Right:* Chinchilla cape dipping beautifully into the past for its shape—a lovely half-circle of fur, with a collar to turn up (when the heroine's struggling through snow?). Up to very-big evenings, this. Cape, in Empress chinchilla, at Ritter Bros.; Woolf Brothers; Joseph Magnin. 1912 setting, too: diamonds in gold, by Verdura. Dorothy Gray eye shadow, "Edwardian Rose" lipstick.

KAREN RADKAI

VOGUE, OCTOBER 15, 1956







Evening: newest surroundings

Above: One woman's collection of evening not-so-incidentals, all worked out this way: everything here can circulate with every evening colour the woman owns—or is likely to own—that's why one evening bag is red, one is black, and the gloves are purists (an arm's-length of white kidskin). Both handbags, in satin, by Koret, about $25 each, plus tax. Gloves by Trefousse, $17. Pin, cultured pearls and rubies sunk in a round gold pillow, about $85, tax included. Make-up, going along for the evening, with transportation arranged: gilt case to hold DuBarry "Light Up Red" lipstick (see left); and compact for DuBarry pressed powder, in "Champagne Beige." Further light-up equipment: gold cigarette lighter and holder, $110 and about $40, respectively, tax included. Everything shown here: at Altman's.

Evening: dazzle based on colour

Facing page: A one-page description of what to expect of this-season's evenings—dazzle is the idea, colour is the quickest way to get there, and make-up is very much a part of the plan; the make-up is DuBarry's translucent "Champagne Beige" and the lipstick is a DuBarry news-announcement, "Light Up Red." Dress, silk satin appliquéd with French lace at bodice and hem; by Harvey Berin, about $175. This and the make-up, from Altman's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres. Diamond-dazzle, Cartier.



American fashion—French on both sides

Three of the first American-made costumes to bear the imprint of this-year's Paris fashion news—each, done thoughtfully and beautifully and with stated intention: to be of long wardrobe-value to women here. *Facing page:* Paris cape idea presented in American terms—the maker calls it an "automobile cape" (easiest driving sleeves in the world: no sleeves). Navy-blue and black tweed suit and cape, from Ben Zuckerman. This, and Tatiana hat, Saks Fifth Avenue. The costume, also ready at Sakowitz. *Below, left:* One American report of Balenciaga's tunic news (see page 77, this issue): tunic suit. This, of light and dark grey wool tweed. By Harry Frechtel, in a Stroock fabric, about $155. Ready now at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Deep-crowned mousse hat faced in black satin, from Sally Victor. *Below, right:* The suit that follows a Dior idea and makes this point: skirt softness gathered slenderly all to the front. Adapted in grey Worumbo wool flannel, by Harry Frechtel, about $135. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. White felt cloche, tall crown: Emme. Suit-shoes shown on this page, from I. Miller.

COFFIN







MADAME MAYEDA WITH HER DAUGHTERS, YOKO, *centre,* YAYA, *right*

INTERNATIONAL JAPAN: six distinguished women whose lives are both of the Orient and of the West.

DRAWINGS BY RENÉ BOUCHÉ

In Tokyo, a city now as vividly international as Paris or prewar Shanghai, René Bouché sketched for Vogue these six Japanese women, all of whom belong to the world-influenced, East-West life that has grown up since 1947 when Japan's constitutional government was established. Four show their Western ways in their hair and dress. Almost all speak at least one language besides their own—French or English, or both; and while many Americans yearn for architecture and design as Japanese as possible, most of these women live in houses of Western design.

Triple evidence of this interweaving of cultures is reflected in the lives of the Mayedas, *opposite.* Madame Mayeda, a gentle, erect woman, who is the widow of General Mayeda, one of the last of the feudal aristocrats, dresses in the traditional kimono, but her house is European. Her elder daughter, Yoko, who wears Western clothes, is married to Anders Olofson, a Swedish diplomat in Japan. Although Mrs. Olofson and her mother were educated at the Gakushuin, the Imperial Household School for Peeresses, eighteen-year-old Yaya has probably had far broader schooling.

Madame Takeda, *upper right,* has, in spite of her open preference for French and American clothes, much of the placid ivory grace of the court ladies in Japanese prints. Her husband, Tsuneyoshi Takeda, head of the Takeda textile company, is also president of the Swiss-Japanese Alpine Society, the Japanese Ice Skating Federation, and the Federation of Horsemanship. With their five children, the Takedas live in Tokyo in a European villa.

Madame Furukaki, *right, centre,* knows Europe well, once lived briefly in the U.S. Now with her husband, who was until recently president of the Japan Broadcasting Corporation, she lives in Tokyo, in a house more Parisian than Oriental. In the 1920s, Mr. Furukaki served as a secretary to the League of Nations, and—like some of the famous British statesmen—writes poetry.

Madame Mikimoto, *lower right,* bears a name which is a Japanese household synonym for ingenuity, as her husband's grandfather invented the cultured—or Mikimoto—pearl. An amateur painter, she has studied with one of the contemporary masters, Genichiro Inokuma, and helps, by her interest and patronage, the careers of the young painters who have appeared since the War, many of them educated in France, and as remote from Hokusai and Hiroshige as they are from Sir Joshua Reynolds.



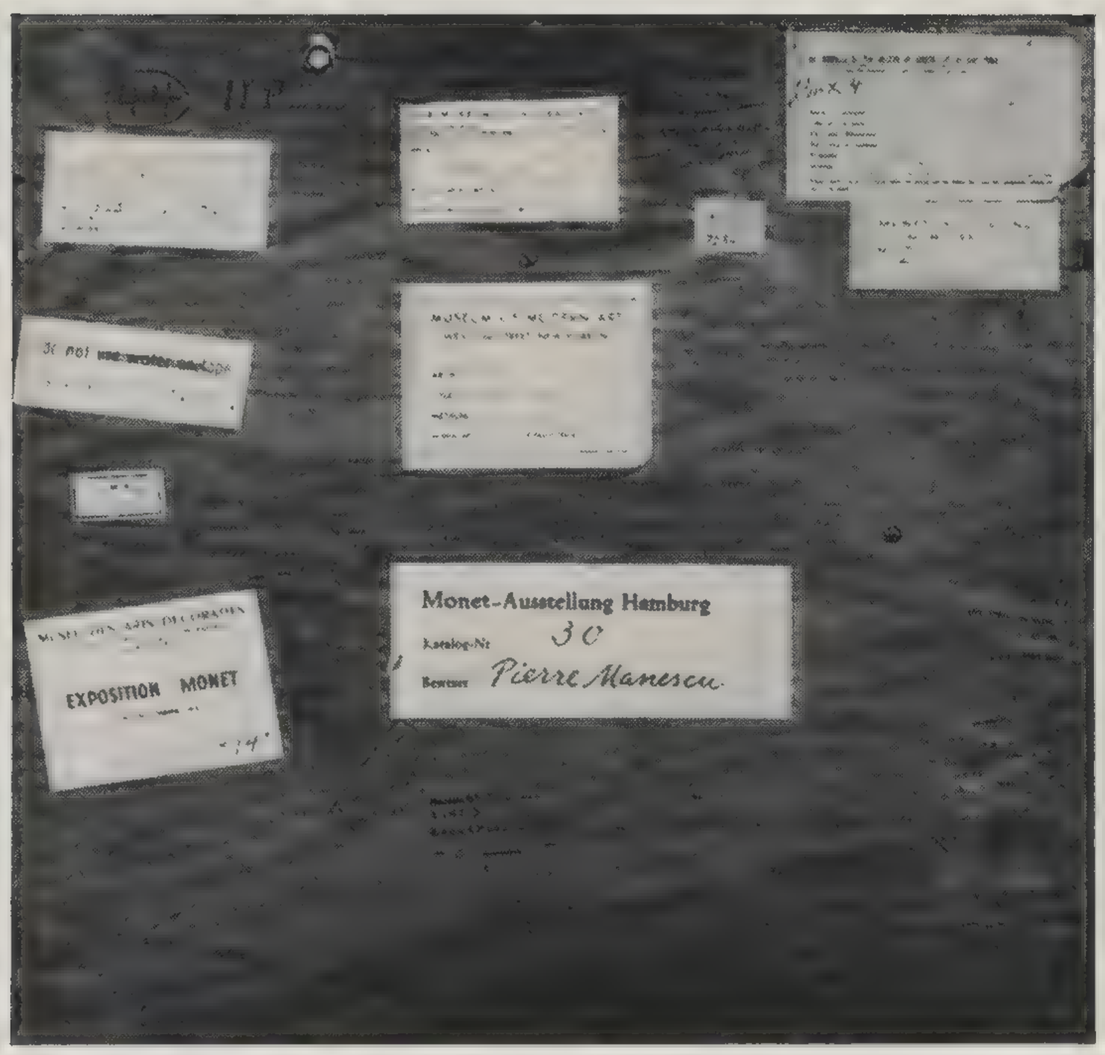
MADAME TSUNEYOSHI TAKEDA



MADAME TETSURO FURUKAKI

MADAME YOSHITAKA MIKIMOTO

HONEST FACES



Provenance of the suspected Monet

By

George Bradshaw

A short story involving a collector, a dealer, and the provenance of a famous Monet.

I became involved innocently enough in the affair of my aunt. We were making a round of some picture dealers one afternoon, and I casually introduced her to Manescu.

Now my aunt thinks of herself as something of a knowing one about pictures. Her husband, good man, left her ten or a dozen really fine impressionist paintings, which she keeps, properly hung and devoutly lit, in her apartment. Whether she really thinks them pretty, or is simply impressed by their enormous value, I have never been quite sure. But that in a general way she knows nothing about painting, I do know.

For I do. As someone else might have for hashish or a good game of chess, I have a passion for pictures. I have spent a great deal of time for a great many years looking at them; I will not excuse myself, it is a fact.

So I know Manescu. He is a dealer who has a gallery in the East Sixties, not one of the great places, but celebrated enough. He has a few shows during a year, but he cultivates no stable of painters, his business rather is to find the single, excellent painting and to sell it to the single solvent patron. He has a staggering memory, he knows where almost every good picture is in Europe and America, who is likely to sell, how badly they need money, and who is willing to buy.

He is a Rumanian and like many sensible Rumanians he has long been an exile from his country. He is not tall, he has a smooth, sweet face, and his manner is weary and a little detached, as if he had knowledge of things you or I could never be expected to understand. And indeed he may have; life for refugee Middle-Europeans has not been easy these last twenty years. I like him. He once told me the details of a picture smuggling operation in France during the war which I was able to use in a story, and I am grateful. And he isn't without wit. "If I have a dishonest face, it is a congenital pose," is a sentence of his, "honest faces are so rightfully suspect."

Well, so much in preface. The story begins six months later, on an afternoon in spring, when my aunt summoned me—that is the word—to her apartment. I already knew that she and Manescu had become friends, or rather enthusiastic acquaintances, and that, before she had gone to Aiken for the winter, she had lent him her Monet. He was having a show while she was gone, and needed, beside his own, a few extra paintings to fill up his room.

My aunt kissed me stonily and led me into the drawing

room. "Look," she said and pointed to the Monet, now back in its accustomed place.

I looked. It is a lovely Monet, a section of an Argenteuil garden, with banks of irises swimming in sunlight.

"It looks brighter than ever," I said.

My aunt did not answer.

"And it has a new frame. At last."

My aunt sat down and lit a cigarette. This put me on guard, for my aunt smokes only when she is angry.

So I sat down. "Well," I said, "what?"

My aunt's voice was very steady, but she said, "That is not the picture I lent Manescu. It is a copy. You said yourself it looked brighter. You said yourself it had a new frame. What I say is, it's a new picture."

"Oh come," I said.

My aunt screamed at me. "Look at the back, at the canvas. New. Look at the stretcher. New. New, new, everything new. I guess I can tell my own picture!"

"Really," I said. "There's an explanation. Manescu wouldn't be such a fool."

"That he can prove in court."

"Now you haven't . . ." I began.

"My lawyer has already filed suit. I did it before I saw you. I knew you'd try to dissuade me since," this was venom, "Manescu is your *friend*."

"Oh come on," I said. "Wait a minute. Calm down . . ."

But as I might have known, it turned out that I was the one who had to calm down. My aunt had done exactly as she said, filed suit against Manescu for fifty thousand dollars. (The Monet was worth certainly forty-five, maybe more.) Nothing I could say would budge her, and the next morning the news was in the papers and the fat was in the fire.

Figure to yourself: this was a mortal blow to Manescu. At one stroke, his reputation, his future, his livelihood were destroyed. When I went around to see him, he was, to say the least, bitter.

"Your aunt is stupid," he said. "We all knew that. But stupidity is no excuse for viciousness. I did not take her picture, and I will make her pay. Oh my friend, through the nose."

"Manescu," I said, "what happened? The new stretcher, the new frame . . ."

He opened his hands patiently to me. "I have tried to tell her, but she won't listen. She screams. Now. There was a little accident. As I was hanging that show, the Monet fell, just a little way, but it fractured the frame. You remember it, a worthless painted plaster frame, so I thought to do something nice. A new frame. The picture deserved it."

"It did," I said.

"When I took the frame off, I examined the picture. It was not in good shape. Your silly aunt has kept it in that apartment of hers how many years I don't know, with two enemies, steam heat and dirt. The canvas was brittle, the paint filthy. So I went the whole way. I called in Hobbs, you can ask him . . ." Hobbs was probably the best restorer and cleaner of pictures in New York. ". . . and he told me to preserve the canvas he must mount it on new canvas. That explains the new canvas, the new stretcher. And he cleaned it. That explains the new beauty, which your aunt can not comprehend."

"Perhaps what worries my aunt is that the provenance is gone. If you could . . ."

Manescu shrugged. "That picture needs no provenance. It proclaims itself. Bring on all the experts. They will tell."

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I might as well explain here what provenance means. The literal translation is "origin," but so far as a picture is concerned it means history as well as origin. As applied to a picture physically, it means all the stickers and labels attached to its back—the identification tags of dealers, museums, exhibitions and the like. With a famous picture you can often tell where it has been pretty accurately for the last fifty or sixty years simply by the evidence pasted on its frame. In a larger sense, a painting's provenance includes its reproductions and its mentions in catalogues, books, articles, and so on. Of course the provenance of a minor picture is more valuable than that of a major one. Manescu was quite right. My aunt's Monet proclaimed itself.

"Don't think," Manescu told me, "I will treat this as an endearing eccentricity of an old lady. I will make your aunt pay, my friend."

I believed him, and since I was pretty sure I could get nowhere with my aunt, I went to her lawyer. He was a nice man whose knowledge of art was slight but whose respect for the rules of evidence was considerable. At first, naturally enough, he put me off with, "My dear fellow, your aunt is a connoisseur, surely she can tell her own pictures . . ." but eventually I was able to alarm him to a point where he agreed that some experts should be called in before he went any further. This suggestion was smugly accepted by my aunt and I managed to round up an impressive panel for the judging: four great scholars in impressionism, one from the Met, one from the Modern, one from Knoedler's, one from Wildenstein's, and of course Hobbs, who had done the cleaning.

Well, they judged. They each came separately, but they spoke as if together, with one voice; this was the true, the real, the veritable Monet. Moreover it was Monet pure, at his best, no copyist could ever hope to reproduce these wonderful, sure, daring brush strokes. The *expertise* was not only positive, it was ecstatic.

My aunt, of course, had her normal reaction. She was furious. The next day she took to her bed with some convenient disease which prevented her seeing anyone. She sent word to her lawyer to cancel the suit.

I wish I could say that Manescu had acted in the same aristocratic manner. But when he got wind—as he had to—of what had happened, he filed suit for damages for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, an amount which, unfortunately, my aunt happened to have.

Now we come to the awkward part of my story. No matter how I put it, the next thing that happened was a coincidence. I don't know why we should look askance at a coincidence in print; when one happens actually, it is usually an exciting or heart-warming break in the monotony, and we love it, but in print, well, there is a convention.

As I try to make plain, I write for a living. About a month or six weeks after the affair of my aunt, a magazine sent me to Japan to do a series of pieces. This may seem to give a long arm to coincidence, but Japan now really isn't very far away. On the night of the day I left New York I was in Hawaii, and on the night after that I slept in Frank Lloyd Wright's indestructible hotel in Tokyo.

Three or four weeks after I arrived (I will do my best not to make this a travelogue) I went on a free afternoon to have a look at the National Museum. A fellow I know who works for the A.P. went with me, Ed Howard, an amateur of the prints of Hokusai; he pointed out the treasures and generally steered me around. *(Continued on page 129)*

Postmark: London—Collections report





POINT: BLACKNESS, BLOUSING

Hardy Amies' day, late-day
silhouette—a jacket that takes
a new full curve of blousing
over a slender dress.
Black velvet, with fur—collar,
muff, fez in Southwest
African Persian lamb.

POINT: FUR, UP TO THE EARS

From Ronald Paterson,
the furriest look in London—
bulky black jacket,
thick with opaline fox
spilling out of the sleeves
and up into an immense
shawl collar. A long way
under it: a narrow
black dress.



VERNIER

POINT: BACK-DRAWN DRAPERY

The romantic mood in fashion now and a backward glance at a bustle—
Michael Sherard's evening dress of eglantine satin,
the skirt draped to the back, tied into a flat bow, a *diamanté* buckle.
(Not shown, a long stole of rose organdie, looped with roses.)



POINT: SHEATH DRAPERY

A hint of fullness
in sheath news now—
but fullness held close.
Cocktail sheath by
Mattli in fine black
wool, flat folds
of fullness draped
from a high
banded waistline.





POINT: HIGH SUIT LINE
Throat to hem coverage—a high buttoning
suit, its neckline filled with a
tall, slender black gilet tied like a stock.
By Charles Creed, in red and black striped worsted.

POINT: MORE COLLAR
Under the deep gloss of beaver collar,
dress and jacket by Digby Morton
in a black, grey, and white plaid wool.
New, the slight back yoke,
fullness drawn into a half-belt.

POINT: WOVEN INTO LAMÉ
Victor Stiebel's ball dress in a
magnificent gleam of apricot lamé,
woven with golden and silvery medallions.
The bow and stole, in matching plain satin.



VERNIER



POINT: TWEED, FUR MUFFLER

On blended beige and grey tweed,
beaver scarf, beaver cuffs.
John Cavanagh's elegantly relaxed
suit-line that rounds the
shoulders, fits easily into the waist.



Might be a nice challenge for Mr. Dunninger—linking up these fashions with their price tags; there's so little apparent connection between them. What doesn't take a mind reader to spot: the fact that the fashion here (and on the next four pages) is good fresh fashion—even for the woman who looks at the price tag *after* she's decided. *Left:* The news of black-and-white wool tweed, at a price that keeps you in the black. Short, belted jacket, **$23**; skirt newly full below the waist, curving in at the knee, **$12.** Both, at Best's; Joseph Magnin. We added the white mink tippet. Grey wool jersey turban; Best's. Hair-seal bag: Lord & Taylor. *Above:* A shirt, almost for a song, that'll be in very close harmony with every skirt in your closet (here, it's with the black-and-white tweed skirt, left): beige cotton broadcloth, nicely detailed—French cuffs, fagoting. By Ship 'n Shore, **$4**; at Altman's. *Right:* Wool jersey in a black-and-brown mixture—and it's also a mixture of top fashion, tiny price. Two-piece dress with bloused overtop, slender, lined skirt; smart alone, or under coats. **$18**; at Franklin Simon. Hat by Dachette; buckskin bag, at Lord & Taylor.

Best-buys bulletin for town



COFFIN

Best-buys bulletin *continued*



Facing page, far left: Black lacy wool backed by a black taffeta lining. Day-length sheath with dinner-and-theatre plans; **$15.** From Arnold Constable. *Facing page, second from left:* Empire dinner sheath (better eat lightly), of black Merrimack velveteen; black satin sash. By Cabana; **$25.** Headpiece by Madcaps. Both at Bonwit Teller. *Directly left:* The red party dress that might make a winter—and the investment's small. Red matte jersey bodice; skirt of Enka rayon chiffon. By Jerry Gilden; **$23.** Lord & Taylor. *Below, left:* Late-day dress that's a streak of luck; a straight-falling shaft of pale-green Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey, caught by a narrow string of belt. Junior sizes. **$30,** at Milgrim. *Below, right:* Only thing you don't get with this dress: green stamps. You *do* get a sleeveless black satin dinner sheath; a drawstring overblouse of black wool lace that goes over other sheaths, too. Junior sizes. **$35.** Dress, of Du Pont acetate; and fox muff: from Bloomingdale's. *Right:* Substantial coat, at an unsubstantial price. Taupe corduroy (Crompton), gilt-buttoned. **$45.** Fur-like bag (by Ingber) and hat. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Andrew Geller shoes.



COFFIN

Best-buys bulletin *continued*



COFFIN

Left: New evening length—just above the ankle bone. Slender dress of black Orlon-and-wool jersey, pleated to stay. By Donald Brooks, in junior sizes; of Alamac's Thalspun jersey. **$40.** From Lord & Taylor. *This page, right:* High-waisted coat of polished black zibeline; white mink collar that adds, but can be subtracted, too (it's detachable). Coat, in Anglo wool, **$90.** Velvet hat. Both: Bonwit Teller. Opera pumps by Valley. *Facing page, above:* Good buy for good figures—slim black velvet dinner skirt, **$18**; sleeveless top, **$11.** We added the sash, pin. By Alex Colman, at Best's. Sandals by Mademoiselle. *Facing page, below:* Evening drama, at an un-dramatic price—black velvet halter top, **$13**; white chiffon skirt, **$23.** (The sash—our idea.) Separates by Alex Colman: at Best's; The May Co., Los Angeles, Calif. *Facing page, far right:* The price tag seems like a dream—the dress *is* one. Rose-pink chiffon (this, Du Pont nylon); satin waistband. By David Klein, **$35,** at Bendel's Young-Timers. Mademoiselle satin sandals.





Poitrine
after
Paris

JOHN STEWART

La belle poitrine—a Paris invention
of the recent collections
(September 15 Vogue). Invention?
Absolutely. The look of bosom-height,
bosom-roundness is borrowed from
the Flemish school of painting;
one way to it: brassièring like this.
Far left: Poitrine after the pretty
bodices seen in Flemish paintings—
shaped here via black nylon lace.
By Jantzen, $15. Altman's.
Near left: Modest amount of brassière,
modest amount of exposure.
Black nylon lace, deeply V'd.
By Maidenform, $6. At Best's.
Directly right: Wide-set bosom,
deepened dividing line.
White nylon lace.
By Exquisite Form, $9. Gimbels.
Far right: Young roundness,
deep décolletage. Black nylon satin
and marquisette. Dacron elastic.
By Bali, $7. Lord & Taylor.
More brassière news, page 130.


The return of
Mme. Récamier

Left: Slender white nylon
tricot nightdress, a band of
golden and silvery embroidery
outlining the sarplice top
falling to the hem
The band washes like pure gold.
two By Vanity Fair; $35
Ready in November at Bergdorf Goodman
Golden-hued kasha ruffles by Orenplines,
about $11 Arnold Constable

Right: Modest too pretty for
anything but reclining
on an Empire chaise longue—
this Boudoir Ike
nightdress of white nylon
tricot, nylon Alençon lace
By Van Raalte; $19
At Macy's



DESSÈS—VOGUE PATTERN 1346



FATH—VOGUE PATTERN 1349



Make your own Paris copies

and make the outcome sure via Vogue's
new printed *and* perforated Patterns,
designed for easy sewing success



JACQUES HEIM—VOGUE PATTERN 1348



LANVIN-CASTILLO—VOGUE PATTERN 1347

For seven years it's been a special privilege of Vogue Patterns: the right to put on paper (pattern paper) the original designs of these great Paris couturiers. Now, a series of their new-collections designs are ready to follow (easily) with Vogue's new patterns that do just about everything but cut themselves out. *Far left:* Dessès' day dress, a softly relaxed line of brown wool tweed. At the back, a floating panel that keeps closely in line with the skirt. At the neck, a gleam of brown grosgrain. Vogue Pattern 1346. *Second from left:* For all day in the city (at the drop of a hat, in the country too)—Fath's narrow dress outlined in charcoal wool, the bloused bodice draped to a new high pitch. This, Vogue Pattern 1349. *Above, left:* Jacques Heim's day, late-day city dress in a heavy silk herringbone weave—the close-fitting bodice buttoned to a high waistline over a skirt full with unpressed pleats. Vogue Pattern 1348. *Above, right:* Lanvin-Castillo's new thrust—the "sabre bow"—on the jacket of a strapless evening dress. The dress bodice draped from a high to a natural waistline. Here, flowered brocade. Vogue Pattern 1347. *For back views, and the sizes in which Vogue Patterns' Paris Original Models can be ordered, see page 137.*

GOSSIPY MEMO ON TRAVEL

Off-Season: The Good Sometime

To everyone but agoraphiles, a "good somewhere" is better when the crowds disperse—Ireland in November, for instance; or London after the retreat of its summer clutter of determined tourists, bent on photographing Beefeaters and obscuring the Englishness of things in general. In terms of hotels and restaurants, this thinning of the ranks naturally means better service for *you*, and, although autumn is sometimes chillier than August, there are many more cheerful coal fires glowing in the grates. TWA, Pan American, BOAC, and, in fact, most airlines have special quick-trip fares for seventeen-day excursions; the New York to London run is $425 (as opposed to the regular tourist rate of $522); New York to Paris, $461, instead of $558, which means enough money saved to rent a small, snub-nosed French car and seek the sun on the Riviera.

Autumn in Connecticut

Timber Trails Inn, in the Connecticut hills, less than 75 miles north of New York City, is open all year—a cosy base in late autumn when brilliant trees punctuate the landscape, changing colour with the hour. There are stables near the inn and 1,400 acres around it—to hike through, ride through, and thoroughly insulate one from city life. With the snow there is skiing, and ice skating on the lake. Indoors: 30 rooms, some with fireplaces. Rates start at $10 a day with meals. Write Timber Trails Inn, Sherman, Conn.

Ceylon—India in little

Ceylon, off the southeastern coast of India, is an island of handsome people and of well-unionized elephants, who, refusing to work more than five hours a day, give their afternoons to frolicking in the rivers to the admiration of the native population and the tourists. Sikhs, bearded, tall, and turbaned, enchant the Western eye—as do fawn-eyed Hindu girls, yellow-robed priests, leopards, bright birds, tea plantations, and mountains washed round by Kipling's "mellow seas afire." Colombo, the capital, although it is a modern port city, has a satisfying share of temples and bazaars, and a famous market for unset jewels, sometimes sold at such attractive prices it would be a mistake to resist, provided, of course, that you have good advice about the quality of the jewel. At the palm-edged beach of Mount Lavinia, nearby, bathers surf-ride in the Indian Ocean. Shooting expeditions can be arranged, and for milder temperaments, fishing trips.

Kandy, the last capital of the Sinhalese kings, lies in central Ceylon, a seventy-five mile drive from Colombo, climbing all the way through steamy jungle to the exhilarating heights, the spreading prospect of tea lands. In August, for the Buddhist feast of Perehera, a hundred bravely caparisoned elephants parade through the streets by torchlight, starlight, and neon light, bearing the sacred relic, the Tooth (a left canine) of Buddha.

Practical information: The flight from New York to Ceylon via Europe costs $1,000; however, for anyone on a round-the-world trip, the cost of zigzagging from Bombay or Calcutta to Colombo is fairly modest. The Grand Oriental Hotel there and the Mount Lavinia, seven miles outside the city, are both good. At the government-operated rest houses, a bed and four Western meals a day cost approximately $2.50. In Kandy the place to stop is the Queen's Hotel. The monsoons come to Ceylon in October, November, and May; otherwise the weather is sunny, often hot, but cool in the hills at night.

Classic Greek accents in American decorating →

The cover for the fifth issue of Vogue's Fashions in Living: a news-report of a new Greek revival in decorating—a 1956 revival. Furniture, rugs, and fabrics, designed under the Greek influence, and designed to be a part of a contemporary American house. Among the Greek elements in the room opposite—white painted side chairs taken from the famous Greek "klismos"; an off-white wool rug with olive leaf outline; modern cocktail table of marble with half-column legs of polished brass; and a columned commode between the windows. Other classic accents: antique gilded urn, white pottery Corinthian candlesticks; curtains hung in the Greek manner; a curved-back sofa. "Greek" furniture, by Baker; the rug, designed for Edward Fields by Valerian Rybar (one of the leaders of the 1956 Greek Revival). And all the room: making use of all the light it can draw upon—luminosity is the idea, and the basis of the palette. Everything, Lord & Taylor. More, pages 115, 120.

DRAWING BY RAY PORTER

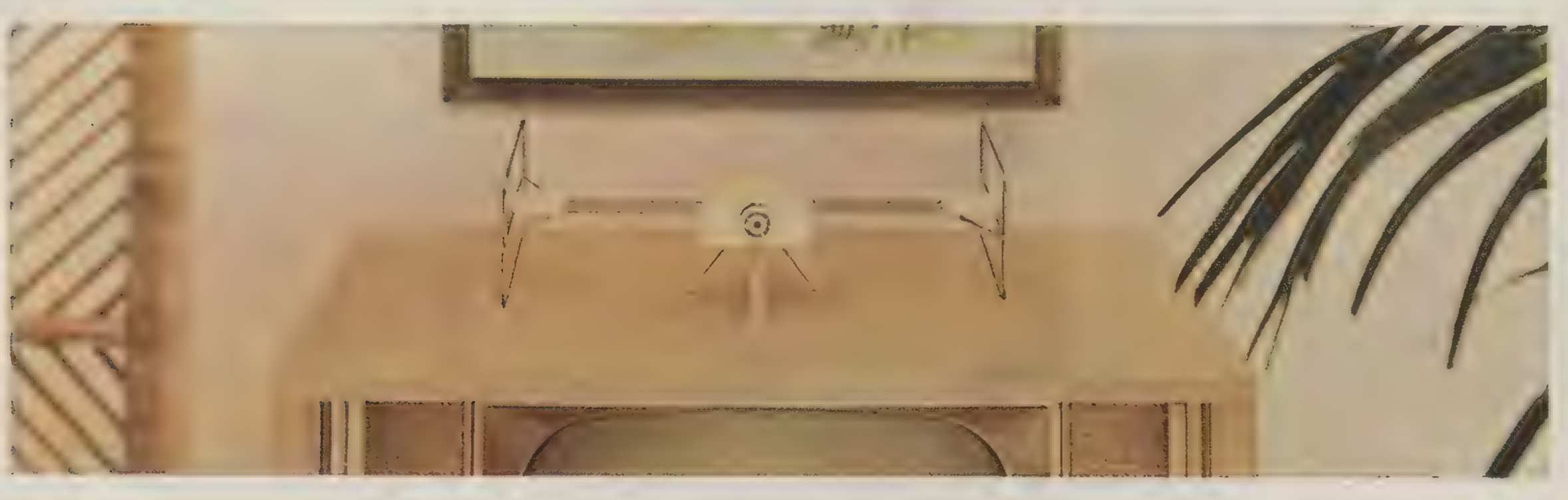
VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN LIVING





THE FIRST INDOOR ANTENNA THAT'S AT HOME IN ANY SETTING

. . . brings you brighter, clearer television pictures



Here is the beautiful new Showman by Channel Master. Here is an entirely new concept in antenna design that does away with ugly "rabbit ears," ends tuning guesswork, and brings you new freedom from "ghosts" and "snow." The exclusive "Metro-Dyne" electronic tuning control works just like the channel selector on your set. Simply turn it to the channel you want . . . switch the picture in . . . switch interference out. You get crisper, clearer reception on black and white . . . perfect color reception, too. No other indoor antenna has the power of the Showman . . . no other looks so attractive in any setting.



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CHANNEL MASTER

WORLD'S LARGEST TV ANTENNA MAKER

WHY GREEK?

There's a legendary decorating formula which says that every room should include something green, something Chinese, some show of polished wood, and something Greek. Whether or not one agrees with this, there's certainly something in the "something Greek" which, like the Chinese influence, can form the link with the past that gives perspective to the mind, creates a sense of permanence in a room. The focal point in the foyer of one distinguished New York apartment is a beautiful fragment from an ancient Greek statue—on one side, a group of French Provincial furniture; massed on the opposite wall a heterogeneous collection of drawings, from Tiepolo on. The effect is charming (calming, too)—and a stimulating preface to the other eclectically minded rooms. This autumn, there's a fresh wind from Greece running through the decorating world. Not so much a revival of interest (it's never needed reviving), as an intensification of the respect for and interest in the classic beauties that are almost always present in good design. Why Greek? could be for several reasons, among them the fact that the whole tendency in American architecture and decorating now, from substance to colour, is towards lightness: and Greece is essentially the country of pure light (a matter of atmosphere, the quality of the air—no humidity in it—that creates a dry, film-free sparkling brilliance, the clarity that's an integral part of the whole Greek "Idea"). Some revivals tend to supplant ruthlessly what has gone before; but this new feeling for classicism can be expressed in almost any background. It's ready to move right in with existing schemes.

Greek accents in any setting might be a pair of Greek urn lamps, the façade of a marble fireplace, or the use of dead-white walls to give luminosity. The classic motifs from the capitals of ancient columns appear now in many upholstery and drapery materials (they have become so much a part of our lives that we tend to forget their ancient origin). Greek and Etruscan sculpture (fragments or copies) have a natural affinity for contemporary rooms. Here, too, white curtains might be rehung for a softer draping in the Greek manner, swagged from rings rather than shirred across the top. The Greek influence can blend effectively in a predominantly French or Italian scheme (as it has in past French and Italian periods of Classic Revival); to a formal drawing room, you might add a long antique mirror with a fluted brass frame; or lamps—antique but classic in inspiration—of black Bristol glass with old brass bases, white silk shades; side chairs could be re-upholstered in a Greek-inspired fabric (a miniature honeycomb pattern of black and golden beige, the colour of ripe figs). The window treatment might include a formal valance of white silk, draped over a brass rod with classic arrow finials and bordered with tasselled braid in golden beige and olive green. Straight hanging curtains could have heavier silk overdrapes, also white, tied back with cord to match the colours of the tasselled braid. To an entrance hall, a brass chandelier of Byzantine Greek design could bring unexpected character. The walls might be panelled (door-frames outlined, too), with wallpaper columns making verticals, wallpaper mouldings at top and bottom. Importance could be given to a small console of light fruitwood, by an over-grouping of gold-framed montages of classic medallions (plaster copies or old bisque ones), or black and terra-cotta reproductions of the themes of friezes. The point is that ideas from the classic period often serve to bring a room into harmony. See pages 120-121 for ways it works.

Vogue's Fashions in Living—
other new aspects—
continued on the pages following



HENRY CLARKE

M. AND MME. HENRI BONNET
at canasta in the alcove off the study.



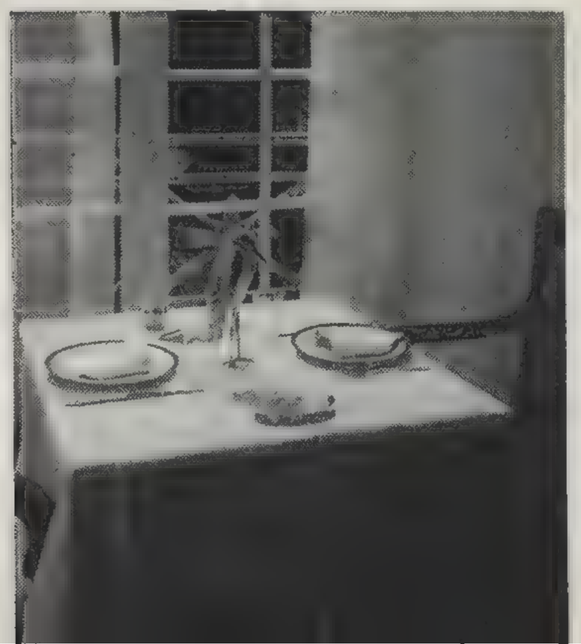
The study, two views: Above, the threshold of the alcove; on the wall, a painting by Marcoussis. Right, M. Bonnet's desk; on the wall, a Lurçat painting.



FOUR ROOMS INTO SIX

The Paris apartment of M. and Mme. Henri Bonnet

M. Henri Bonnet, former French Ambassador to the United States, and Mme. Bonnet, *opposite*, were photographed at cards in the alcove (they dine here when alone) off the study in their Paris apartment. After M. Bonnet's recent retirement following ten years in Washington, Mme. Bonnet, confronted with her husband's need for both space and privacy (he is a writer and an expert on United Nations affairs), took over one entire floor of an old Paris house in the Rue de Verneuil. It consisted then of four main rooms—living room, study, and two bedrooms—overlooking a courtyard on one side and a garden on another. Here Mme. Bonnet has created a house expandable as an accordion. Adjusting itself as kindly to the desires of its owners for peace and uninterrupted periods of study, as it does to parties (varying in size from dinners for four to receptions for fifty), the house shrinks or swells from four rooms to six as necessity dictates. In planning and decorating the apartment, Mme. Bonnet took advantage of ten years' shrewd observation of American methods and has put to sound French use "the virtuous materialism," as Alexis de Tocqueville called it, of American devices. Rather than rely upon existing space, Mme. Bonnet has created new space, with such pragmatic commodities as a sofa-bed in a room which plays the three rôles of bedroom, dining room, and living room. At times, the sliding doors flung apart and dining-room furniture compactly stored, the drawing room and bedroom become one large room. Built-in cupboards augment wall surfaces, and allow play-space for the Bonnets' poodle, Sam, named for Uncle Sam. Above, right: Two views of M. Bonnet's study, where delicate columns, adaptations of the taste of the Directoire, support his bookshelves. Floors of Versailles parquet strike a harmonious base note to the colour scale of beige and tobacco-tan. M. Bonnet, who not only knows a good deal about art but knows what he likes, too, has hung a Lurçat over his desk and, above the table beside the door leading to the alcove, a favourite by Marcoussis.



The same alcove, left, with the table set for dinner. Diaphanous curtains hang in the French windows overlooking the garden.

FOUR ROOMS INTO SIX

THE BONNETS' APARTMENT, CONTINUED





THE DRAWING ROOM (above): Imposing doors, handsomely embossed, set the classic style of the Bonnets' drawing room, its simplicity illuminated by the presence of the Desfossés clock (a gift to the Bonnets from the French colony in New York), the eighteenth-century Aubusson rug, and the four prancing little armchairs upholstered in petit point on a red background. Paintings by Utrillo, Dufy, Rouault, and Derain hang on the otherwise undecorated walls. The sofa faces the fireplace (lower left), flanked by twin couches. Sliding doors open onto the next room (lower right), dressed, in this instance, as the dining room: a table, set for six, and small gilt chairs stand on a brilliant nineteenth-century Aubusson rug.

ANTHONY DENNEY

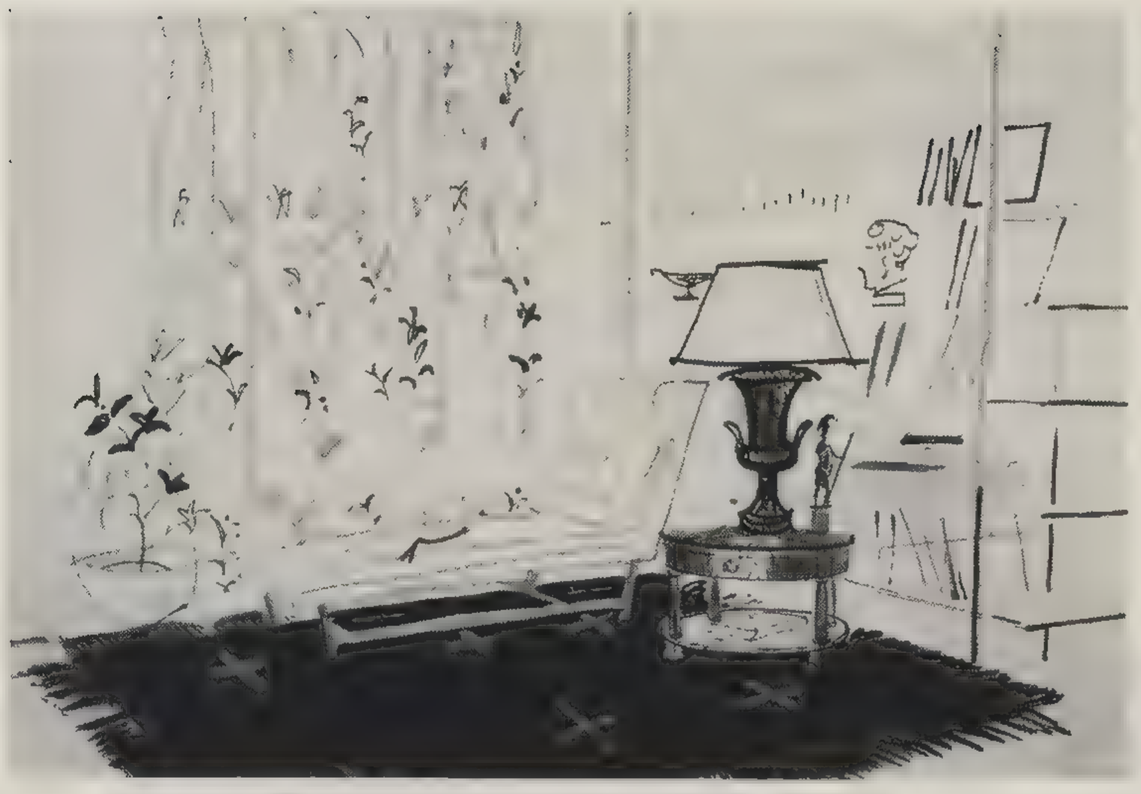


MME. BONNET'S BEDROOM, suitably serene and apparently remote: The sofa extended to its outside capacity becomes the bed, its upholstery, ivory-coloured; the curtains, white velvet. The same room is shown below, transformed into a dining room. The secretary, signed by Topino, was given to the Bonnets when they left Washington. On an eighteenth-century rosewood chest, Sèvres ornaments stand in graceful counterpoint to the paintings by Ceria, Despierre, and Beauchamp. Right: With the bed returned to its original rôle of sofa, the bedroom's metamorphosis is complete, and it becomes the far end of the reception room, tripling in brass to receive the maximum number of guests in the minimum amount of time and space.



APPLIED GREEK

Three ways to borrow from the Greek—discriminatingly: blending classic with old and new design from many sources. The specific Greek contribution: classic detailing; serenity in scale and palette.

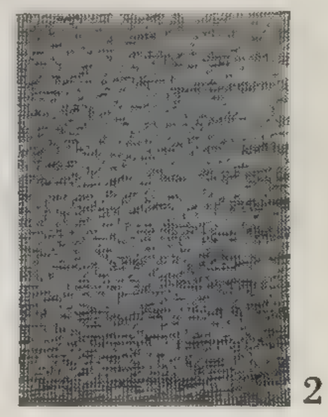


Library corner

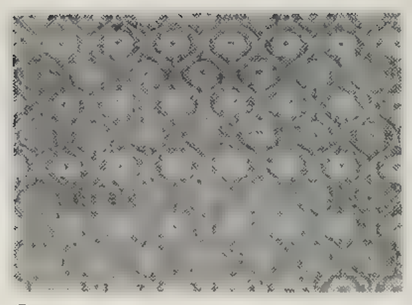


1

Impression of a room scheme that could expand into spacious country living, telescope into a small city apartment. The points it makes: a new scale of proportions, a new palette—a feeling of serenity generated by easy simplicity and a low-keyed colour scheme lit by small sharp accents (among them, the broken colour of the books). Undistractingly white walls (it's a room for relaxing, not for pattern gazing), draperies falling in a gleam of heavy white silk, screen-printed with fruited olive branches in their natural colours. Effective choice—a Moroccan tribal rug, predominantly black, patterned with terra cotta—and under it, unglazed terra-cotta tiles, waxed to a fine gloss (vinyl tiles could fill in here).



2



3

New (but not so new the Greeks didn't know all about it) relaxed way to sit: on a chaise-chair—this, an Edward Wormley design by Dunbar (provides a most comfortable way to read, too, so long as the book's not too sleep-inducing). Chair fabric, Boris Kroll's Golden Fig "Khufu."



4

Detail illustrations, 1. Lamp-base—plenty of light on the page—outsize antique Wedgwood copy of a black Etruscan vase, decorated with a terra-cotta frieze (the shade could be of pleated heavy white paper).
2. Boris Kroll's tweedy fabric in a *strié* weave—Lava Black, Plaster Beige, Earth Brown (this, for extra-armchair coverage).
3. "Minaret," a vivid mosaic of Byzantine pink, orange, mellow marble pink, shot with matching Lurex threads—sharp accents of colour on seat pads of small pull-up chairs.



5

4. Lamp table—by Baker, of Merisier (honey-toned, fruitwood finish)—a classic design on a contemporary scale, for bedside as well as chairside life.
5. Detail of the curtain fabric, "Acropolis," heavy white silk, screen-printed, designed by Valerian Rybar.

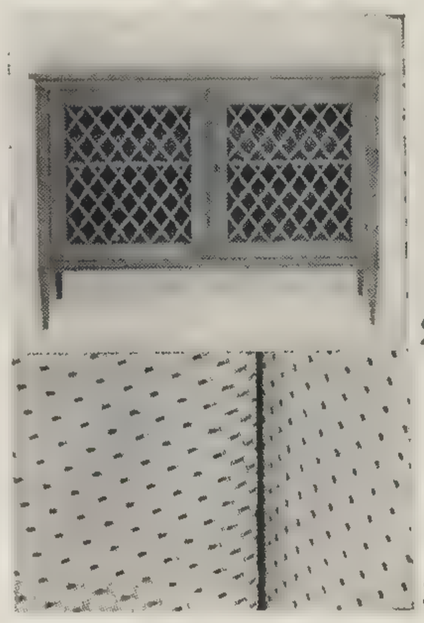
Everything shown on these pages available at Lord & Taylor.



Dining room

Classic lines used freely—and that's the point: the effect is very relaxed for all its discipline. The warm, pale-blond colour called "Golden Fig" is the key to the room; against this, black and white accents, bright points of colour. The colour might be from a collection of 18th-century Chelsea fruits and vegetables, flowering plants. Old wood or parquet floors would be waxed and polished to mellowness; might be given a handsome centrepiece: an Aubusson or Savonnerie rug to make an island of soft colour under the table. Suggestion for the latter: a round or oval table (some schools of thought insist that conversation flows more easily in circles than in squares).

1

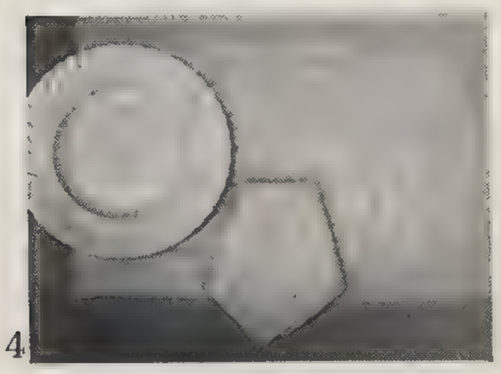


2

3

Or—the floor could be of off-white vinyl tiles, with borders and centre medallions of black, the border repeating the simplified outlines on the *boiserie* walls; the medallion, a version of acanthus leaves straight out of Greek architectural sculpture.

Detail 1. Curtains by Ottavia, from Switzerland, embroidered with a Greek Key design, in black on sheer white batiste, hung straight over white matchstick bamboo roller shades.



4

2. Merisier commode, by Baker, with brass grill doors (more of the Chelsea fruits and vegetables could show themselves off here).

3. Detail of Boris Kroll's "Saray" fabric used for the seats of the dining chairs—woven cotton, rayon, and Lurex, in Golden Fig, Plaster Beige, Lava Black in a small-scale honeycomb design (it's a fabric that has the sturdiness of denim, but the gleam and body of a brocade).

4. Perfect companions to the golden scheme—beige linen mats printed with a Byzantine pattern of arabesques (these, in white washable pigment). Royal Worcester dinner plate—Snowflake Pattern—classic fluting swirled round the rim.

5. A final touch of subdued brilliance—antique Sheffield plated silver candlesticks with fluted collars and bases.



5



Bedroom



1

The best of both worlds—elements from the classic, in a room that's completely present-day, and completely feminine.
The colour scheme: sun and sky (Mediterranean latitudes)—Aegean Blue, with white.
Centrepiece: the bed; its frame is Greek, antique but hardly classic, a headboard of gilded iron in graceful Byzantine arabesques. Spread and petticoat in palest Aegean Blue—the scallop-edged coverlet is quilted and doubles as a quilt; the petticoat takes its delicate fluting from a classic column.
The owner of a room like this would probably combine the classic lines of a Palladian writing table (she can use it as a dressing table, too), with the frank richness of an old and handsome Venetian mirror. She might have a white rug in a scattered mosaic pattern, designed by Valerian Rybar for Edward Fields.



2

If she lived in town (without the indoor-outdoor possibilities of the balcony scene here), she might hang sheer white batiste curtains under the valance—and under them, a window shade made of "Tassel" print.

Detail 1. Circa 1800, deep Aegean Blue Italian glass pitcher and basin in a classic design, nice housing for flowers. (This might be here on temporary leave from the bath-dressing room.) White huck linen hand-towel, edged with embroidery in a black Greek Key design.

2. In place of curtains—shutter doors with a deep swag valance in "Saloniki," printed on unglazed chintz in shades of Aegean Blue (you might be inspired to add a band of deep blue braid; giant blue tassels at every point of the cascade).

3. Closeup of the headboard—Byzantine arabesques in gilded iron.



3

NOT FOR JIFFY COOKS

Six recipes, simple, honest, and sometimes unconventional

By Harriet Van Horne

Cooking is like love. It should be entered into with abandon or not at all.

This, then, is not a document for jiffy cooks. Nor for those devotees of those premixed, prewhipped, prestewed foods that crowd the grocer's shelf. These words are written for people who enjoy the taste of good food, who respect the fruits of the earth and the sinews of the stomach.

So, if you've a clogged bottle of catchup where the cooking wines should be, if your notion of a salad is something trimmed (like a spring hat) with apples and cherries, then you can go get your recipes from one of the gay, unfrocked chemists on the TV screen. Or copy them from any box top.

The recipes that follow are comparatively simple. To try them you needn't be a gourmet, or own twelve graduated copper pans. But you must be willing to expend tender, loving care on every dish.

Psychologists tell us that there is a definite link between food and love. In the unconscious mind—the seat of the True You—food equals love and love equals food. Any good cook knows this, conscious or comatose.

To an infant, the first clear, positive evidence of maternal love is the warm trickle of milk down its little gullet. Children who grow up with emotional disturbances about food are children who have been improperly fed—and worse, improperly loved. In later life, some of them take to drink and give up food altogether. If you knew their remembrance of meals past, you might not blame them.

No mean woman can cook well, Eden Phillpotts once wrote. It calls for a generous spirit, a light hand, and a large heart.

My passions in this matter may be extreme, but I am convinced that any woman who serves her family a drab, tasteless meal, night after night, is a woman with hate in her heart. Maybe she hates her husband. Or the smell of cooking. Or herself as cook, a rôle she regards as beneath her station. I don't know. But if you have tears, weep them for this woman.

"When six o'clock comes, I always wish I were a man," such a woman will sigh. For these unfortunates, the kitchen can be a prison. Their resentment is acute. And resentment must, perforce, find an outlet. If setting bad food before loved ones isn't an act of resentment, then I don't know what is.

Oh, I grant you, woman isn't expected to serve The Master her beating heart, hot on a skewer. But she isn't supposed to offer him a slice of her spleen, either.

Dinner need never be a grand affair. Nor the menu a costly one. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is," the Bible tells us, "than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

There is a satisfaction, deep and old as the earth, in preparing a beautiful dinner for the man you love . . . and watching him as he eats it. There *are* headier moments in a man-woman relationship, it's true. But don't ever discount this one.

I once said as much to a close friend and got a reply as quick as a whiplash. "I adore my husband," she announced, eyes flashing. "We love good food, too. It's just that when I try to cook—well, things never turn out like the picture in the cookbook."

My response to this common plaint is as stubborn as it is unvarying. Remember how King Arthur in his death throes had to keep telling poor, simple Sir Bedivere *just one more time* to go throw that blasted sword into the lake and he'd see a miracle? I think of poor Bedivere when I find myself saying, "If you'll just try the recipe one more time, and follow instructions, why, you'll be astonished." Sir Bedivere certainly was.

It's my notion that if you care enough, everything you cook will turn out fine, sometimes exquisitely. And once you've perfected a dish, it usually stays perfected, barring such accidents as the chimney falling down or the stove blowing up.

You can, moreover, evolve a repertory of a dozen dishes, starting with one simple, basic item, such as plain chicken casserole. As a sensitive musician improvises upon a theme, so does a good cook improvise upon a plump fowl in its natural juices.

I suspect that women who wring their hands and profess to being all at sea among the pots and pans must have suffered some early kitchen trauma. Some crisis that scared them right back into the parlour.

Cravenly, these lost ladies have allowed the memory of one rubbery soufflé or one overturned kettle of fish to stand as the excuse for years of canned entrées, drugstore desserts, food so dreary that even the dog has ceased to come bounding when he hears the plates being scraped.

Naturally, your very first hand-cooked, heart-warmed meal may not be—or may not have been—a thing to set before *Les Amis d'Escoffier*. Eyes, tongue, nose, and instinct are all too eager and too ignorant at the start.

My first roast duckling looked like that globe-girdling sparrow that got delayed by a badminton tournament. My first two chocolate cakes had the fine texture of charred fudge. So I can say unto you, don't despair. Start simply, proceed lovingly, and you can't help becoming a good cook.

But why? "Who wants to learn to cook?"—I hear the unregenerate asking. It's a fair question. Why indeed?

Well, there are certain basic dishes every woman, be she a reigning movie queen or the chatelaine of a moated castle, is called upon to prepare at some time in her life. Scrambled eggs, for instance. Or a good plate *(Continued on page 124)*



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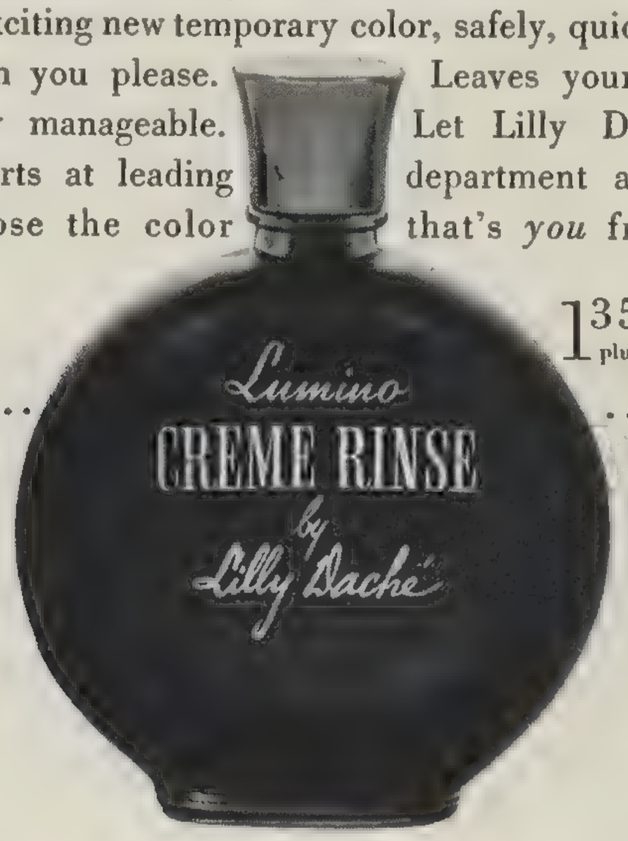
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NOT FOR JIFFY COOKS

(Continued from page 122)

of hot soup. Or cheese fondue in a copper chafing dish. How fortunate the lady if she can rise to the occasion with grace and skill. How dismal, how gauche, and how very sad if she makes a sticky, horrid mess of everything. The prettiest, dimpled apology ever devised won't save her. For she will have committed the irreparable sin of disappointing hungry people. In particular, hungry men. Men who expected her to rise up and be a woman.

On our western frontier a century ago, every bride was given a dowry consisting of a feather bed and an iron kettle. Thus blessed, she was ready to take up the honourable work of woman and wife.

Today life treats womankind more gently. So gently, in fact, it often robs her blind.

Our grandmothers built their community standing on the way they fed their menfolk and little ones. If they failed, people talked. But nobody will label a modern housewife shiftless if she never cleans a chicken, bakes a loaf of bread, or "puts up" preserves.

Our clever menfolk, so anxious to relieve what the chapped hands advertisements call "kitchen drudgery," have succeeded in nullifying kitchen creativity. Even a modest kitchen nowadays is a gleaming, push-button affair in which a child of ten could, with two minutes' instruction, whip up a feast for ten. It's jiffy-quick, jim-dandy, and it gleams like the Hall of Mirrors.

Cooking is so easy in this musical comedy setting that even the plainest dish has a faint air of unreality. This *can* mean that the standard hazards to good cooking —laziness, indifference, and lack of love—are fortified and enhanced. And lack of love, let it be said again, is the most serious hazard to good eating since the beginning of time. All the true cooks I've ever known have been generous, loving people. A broad generalization, this, but I've never had reason to doubt it.

The dishes that follow are simple and honest. They call for rich cream, good butter, and decent wine. Some may strike you as unconventional in the preparation. But I give you my word, all are delicious to eat.

Take a simple dish we all know, French toast. It can look and taste like an old chamois glove, or it can melt on the tongue in its own particular ecstasy. *Moi, je désire extase.* And on a hungry winter morning I've found it in French toast, made this way.

FRENCH TOAST

Beat 2 eggs in a bowl with 1 tablespoonful of water. Melt a sizeable lump of butter in a skillet—preferably an iron one—until it's golden, *not brown*. Season the eggs with salt and a dash of nutmeg. Dip slices of bread (bread 2 or 3 days old is best) into this mixture. Sauté them slowly in the butter. Keep the flame low, turn them with a broad spatula.

Serve the French toast with a sauce made of pure maple syrup, heated (but not boiled) with a generous tablespoonful of butter. To this add a little freshly grated lemon peel. Here is the vital ingredient! For the secret of this French toast is that subtle hint of nutmeg, lightly kissed with the zest of lemon.

Two other honest dishes:

SAUSAGES WITH APPLES

Shape sausage into neat, flat cakes, remembering that a pound of sausage serves four. Roll the cakes in flour to which a tiny dash of sugar has been added.

Cut apples into ½-inch slices. Prepare a syrup by combining ½ cupful of sugar with a little cinnamon (¼ teaspoonful) and stirring in a cupful of water. Drop the sliced apples into the syrup. Cook until tender, or about 3 minutes. Drain the apples well, arrange in a casserole or on a platter with the sausage patties, which you may fry or broil.

ONION PIE

This dish is actually a shortcake. It is perfect with baked ham or pork chops.

Slice ½ dozen medium onions, more if you happen to be partial to onions. Sauté them in butter until they are a pale shade of gold. Don't, please, brown them.

While the butter is gilding the onions, mix a rich biscuit dough.

Put the biscuit dough into a shallow dish and spread the onions over it. Then beat an egg with ½ cupful of light cream, salt, pepper, and celery salt, and pour it over the onions. Bake in a moderate oven until the top is brown.

Of course, you may, if you like, use prepared biscuit mix. (This is one of the better prepared products.) But mix it with milk that's ½ cream or add a sizeable lump of butter. You may also put diced ham into the biscuit dough. This makes a heartier dish, almost a meal in itself. A sort of American, back-country Quiche Lorraine.

The first time I ever had cheese fondue it was served in a great silver dish by a Southern woman my young friends loved to describe as "decadent." It was, I think, a brand-new word with us at the time.

"She's so decadent, poor old thing," they'd say, munching her delicate fried chicken, spooning up her caviar (fresh, black, the real thing) or mixing themselves still another drink at the dim little bar that was, perversely, covered with a striped awning.

The lady was decadent, **I**

(Continued on page 125)

NOT FOR JIFFY COOKS

(Continued from page 124)

guess, because she had old, old money, and fringe on all her lamp shades. Besides that, she smoked Turkish cigarettes and referred to her underclothes as "teddy bears." I also remember her putting incense—handfuls of it—into the fireplace. She loved to flirt with the young men. And sometimes late at night when her mascara was streaked and the room close with the scent of burning jasmine, she'd ask one of the lightfoot lads to fetch her a "bourbon and branch water, honey" and she'd cry over her lost girlhood and vanished dreams . . . and the spurned suitors who never came back. At such times I'd think of Amanda Wingfield, the mother in *The Glass Menagerie*, a big hit that year, and I'd cry with her.

Then new guests would arrive—the hard, lost-looking youngsters she loved to cosset and posset—or there'd be a sudden burst of music from the phonograph and our hostess would rise, full of sudden motherly dignity, and exclaim, "Children, you must be starved! Let me make you all a little FOND-DEW."

Years and years ago, this particular Mrs. Wingfield had been a shy young girl at a Swiss boarding school. She'd stayed only a year. But she brought home a lifelong loathing for winter sports and a passion for cheese fondue . . . especially late at night.

Her recipe was doubtless a pure one, with kirsch added at the very last. Here is a recipe I find delicious with crisp toast or warm French bread.

CHEESE FONDUE

Cut into small pieces:
½ lb. American cheese
½ lb. Gruyère cheese

Cover it with ¾ cupful of dry white wine. Permit this to stand for an hour if possible. Stir over a low heat. Add 2 tablespoonfuls of brandy. Serve very hot with toast, toasted crackers, or French bread.

Naturally, there are endless variations on this dish. Some people stir in a cupful of dry bread crumbs, though I think they're mad to do it. Others add curry powder, dry mustard, Worcestershire sauce, all deplorable in a dish that's meant to be delicate and subtle. You may, though, fold in 2 beaten eggs if the fondue is too gooey.

Fondue can be cooked in a double boiler, in a chafing dish, and, for all I know, in a pie tin over a campfire. A fairly respectable cook of my acquaintance bakes her fondue in a 9-inch Pyrex dish set into a pan of hot water. Best of all, though, is a silver chafing dish.

Until you've become really proficient in the kitchen and have read *Tante Marie's French Pastry Book*, it's only good sense to stick to simple desserts. Since the simplest dish is often the best, you will doubtless be regarded as a gourmet for your avoidance of towering parfaits and moulded ices.

STRAWBERRIES CHANTILLY

Cut large, juicy, sweet strawberries in half. Beat ½ pint of heavy cream with 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar and a few drops of vanilla extract. Mix in the berries and let the mixture rest in your prettiest bowl for 2 hours—in the refrigerator, of course. By dessert time the strawberries will be beautifully chilled and the cold sweet cream will be prettily streaked with pink.

BANANAS À LA MAISON

A la Maison Van Horne, that is, and my favourite of all quick desserts.

Beat ½ pint of heavy cream with 2 or 3 teaspoonfuls of brown sugar. Lumpless sugar, let me add. Give it a generous dash of nutmeg. For a more complex flavour, put in ½ of ½ glassful of sherry or a few drops of vanilla extract. Anyway, put sliced bananas into this golden cream, chill for 2 hours and serve.

When I am in a heated hurry, I don't whip the cream. I just stir brown sugar and nutmeg into the cream bowl and quickly slice the bananas. Another variation: beat an egg or two into the cream. This produces cold bananas in a thick, lovely eggnog sauce.

Different as day and night:

this year's look

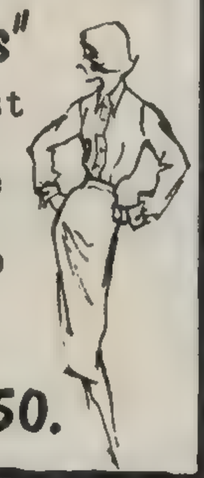
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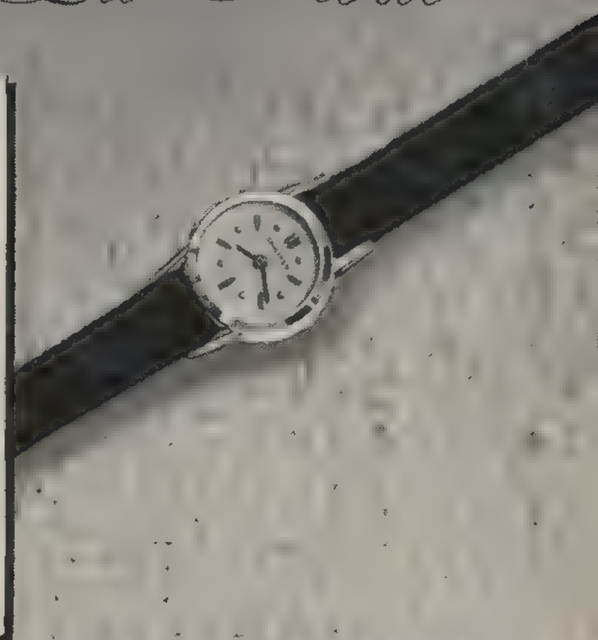
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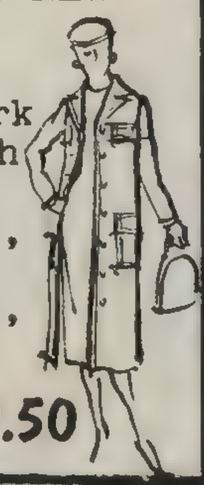
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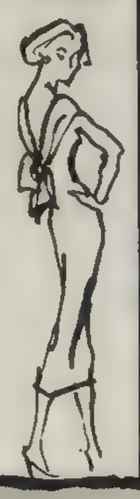


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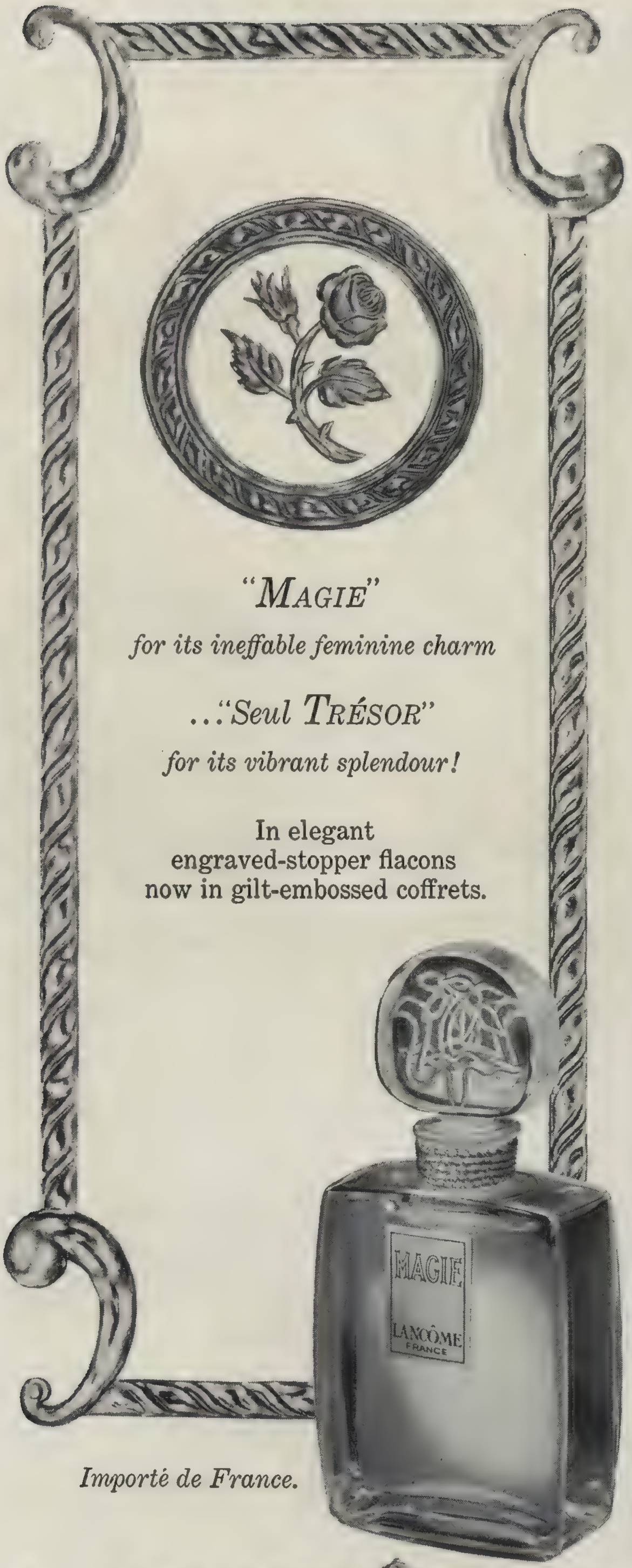
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STILL VOICE

(Continued from page 75)

The words seemed to flow as effortlessly as my own. My husband might never attain that perfection but it was a heartening encounter. I tried to pin him down. How long, with reasonable application, would it take to produce some semblance of a voice? Mr. W would not commit himself; every case was different; some people were on their way in a few months—two years was probably a safe bet. Temperament had a great deal to do with it—a calm, relaxed attitude was the thing. Calm and relaxed indeed! A fine thing to tell a man who had been born vehement, whose opponents in an argument frequently gave up because they were mowed down if not always convinced by his verbal barrage.

On the eleventh morning we came home, weary but relieved. Everything went well until noon when suddenly—panic came. The siphoning machine to be rented by us had not arrived. A call to the throat specialist produced quick understanding and an offer to lend his, which I dashed off to get.

On my return, I found the patient resting comfortably, panic gone, no immediate need for siphoning. Luncheon was successful. It was now time for rest and the insertion of the tube for one hour. My husband had done this skillfully in the hospital the night before, but now—no go. I called Dr. X's office. A nurse would come. Sensing our nervousness, she was quietly reassuring. She inserted the tube and showed him a knowing twist that made it easier. We commenced the thrice daily hot packs. A humidifier, ordered by the hospital was to be kept in the room; it arrived C.O.D. but was for hot water when it should have been for cold—more telephoning. The siphoning machine arrived—also C.O.D. (Note: first-day-home equipment should include plenty of cash.) We settled down to a quiet evening after two quick trips to the drug store for small but necessary articles such as a minute brush to clean the tube with, tape with which to tie on neck gauze. I wondered why a super-efficient hospital could not supply a list of home necessities to patients on leaving—or are most wives brighter about this sort of thing than I?

The days took shape, the nervousness subsided. Problems arose but they were not insurmountable. Ascots of handsome materials were made and we essayed fourth into the world, first a half-hour visit to a museum, then a movie. Friends dropped in for short visits. Then an important step—a small dinner party, six old friends. I sat beside my husband rather than at my usual place at the end of the table. I had discovered that, insofar as possible, conversation must be general so that he could have the feeling of group participation, and the moment he wrote something it should be read aloud at once to the group so that his point would have meaning. Friends had to be warned of this; too often he had handed a slate to someone who read it silently, thus closing the rest of the group away from his ideas or conversational contribution.

After dinner two other people dropped in. The situation became more difficult. Conversation flowed too swiftly. Time after time I saw him start to write something only to abandon it as he realized that it was no longer in point. All in all the evening had been successful, but it was and would be difficult for a man from whom ideas literally poured. The good-night note to me showed just how difficult, as he wrote, "When I remember all the times I've taken the floor, have ruthlessly interrupted, I know that what has happened to me is poetic justice"; and I remembered with regret all the times after the door had closed on departing guests that I had said, "You certainly dragged out the old soapbox, dear." And now his soapbox was a stubby pencil and a ten-cent slate.

Two weeks after we were home Mr. W started the lessons. Normal speech is achieved through the coordinated use of the lungs, the larynx, the tongue, and the lips. When the larynx has been removed surgically, the lungs, lips and tongue together can compensate for its loss and produce essentially intelligible speech. When air is forcibly expired through the mouth, the tongue, teeth, and lips, one can form understandable sounds. This is the inspiration-expiration method of substitute speaking. It depends upon a short and forceful expiration but its mastery is difficult.

The second and more common method of producing sound

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STILL VOICE

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when the larynx has been removed necessitates the swallowing of air into the lower esophagus or stomach. This bubble serves as a reservoir of air which can be regurgitated at will. A baby who has swallowed a quantity of air from his bottle must be bubbled to get rid of air which is lodged inadvertently. The air being regurgitated is directed through the mouth and articulated then by the tongue, teeth, and lips. In essence this method depends upon a sustained and irrepressible burp.

The patient is taught whichever method seems more natural to him. Muscles never used before are called upon. Pressure must be built up and sometimes it takes months to get a single sound out. It was heartbreaking to listen to this oh-so-vocal man, with a beautiful resonant voice, laboriously practising a, e, i, o, u or, rather, trying to make sounds that would remotely resemble vowels. Later my husband told me that the most difficult sound of all to master was that first "a." Though sounds of a sort were produced at the second lesson, it took ten or twelve lessons before the "a" came out distinctly.

When the active convalescence of siphons, pills, and hot packs is over, the wife finds herself in a new rôle. She becomes the link between her husband and his normal world. The assignment is difficult for the timid woman and dangerous for the more aggressive type, for during this hiatus of silence, the wife must assume many of the natural prerogatives of the husband. She directs the taxi driver, deals with railroad conductors and porters; in a restaurant she orders meals. It is surprising the number of on-the-spot decisions that come up. One finds oneself inevitably making these decisions and just as inevitably the husband resents the fact that he wasn't consulted.

Even a simple thing like reading a note aloud can be full of pitfalls. In a heated group discussion a man can *say* some pretty strong things, but when he has to write them and have them read aloud, they take on a different kind of importance. Frequently, especially in a discussion of controversial issues—politics, segregation, et cetera—I would in wifely fashion try to soften the statement. A quick, angry, frustrated note would follow: "But you are not reading what I *mean*."

The telephone alone can assume frightening proportions. Trying to set up a golf foursome, the day, time, and place agreeable to everyone may take half a morning. This can be followed by long-distance business calls that involve waiting patiently while messages are given and then relaying them. Here, too, the wife may be caught in the midst of an argument, essaying the rôle of peacemaker.

There comes a time when the "have to be cruel to be kind" period starts, when the patient has mastered just enough words to be fairly well understood. He can not go off into the realm of ideas but he can make his wants known. He becomes lazy. This is understandable but it is no kindness to encourage it. He has gotten used to his wife's interpreting, and assuming all sorts of odd jobs that he never liked doing anyway. If this attitude becomes a habit, there is nothing better than a "do it yourself" and a quick walk in the other direction—feeling like a heel.

In the first year the wife must be prepared for small lonelinesses—the casual chatter about the house is no more; at meals, note-writing is a nuisance. As the effort of speaking is great, it is usually saved for important things.

If one lives in a cold climate, the first winter is apt to be difficult. A laryngectomee breathes air through the stoma directly into the lungs. Discomfort results in dry, cold weather because the natural moisture that is supplied by mouth and nose is totally lacking. If financially possible, it is well to go South. We took a six-week trip. That, too, was a different and rather lonely experience. The pleasant casual acquaintances, the bridge game on the rainy day, the shared cocktail before dinner do not happen as naturally. Strangers are embarrassed at not being able to understand readily; they are afraid to ask someone who would be silent to join a group. My husband could no longer easily go into a locker room of a strange golf club and pick up a foursome; but these are small things.

In the beginning, two speech lessons a week were taken. Daily practice was broken into intervals of ten minutes an hour for as many hours as possible. On some

(Continued on page 128)

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STILL VOICE

(Continued from page 127)

days I felt his morale needed lifting more than his new voice muscles needed work, so I encouraged trips. We went sometimes to a concert, a movie, maybe just for a walk. He became adept at snatching moments of practice; sometimes when we were riding in a taxi he would practice the vowel sounds. I was surprised and delighted by his lack of self-consciousness. The first time it happened I was about to explain to the bewildered taxi driver but decided that would only make my husband aware of just how weird the sounds were. Instead, I complimented him on how well he was doing and hoped the driver would understand.

For the first four months the pads were used like mad. Always a voluble talker, my husband now became a voluminous writer. I remember one dinner party where the pad flew back and forth across the table so that I couldn't tell a story I was eager to tell and finally said to him in exasperation, "Stop interrupting me."

The sad moments flowed along with the happy. In our house, "back talk" from the children was never tolerated. Explanations, discussions, yes. Sitting in the living room one day, our fifteen-year-old daughter made an insolent retort. Her father rose instinctively to give her a piece of his mind. Only when he was on his feet facing her did he realize he could not do so. The tense moment as he walked out of the room was more than the necessary lesson.

But many incidents, instead of depressing him, as they would some men, amused him. Taking a walk alone one day, he saw an acquaintance approaching—a man very much in the public eye but famously absent-minded. Stopping in front of him, my husband took out pad and pencil to write a greeting. No look of recognition came, there was only consternation as he fled down the street muttering that he wouldn't sign a thing! What particular petition was making the rounds of the city that week we never found out.

In the meantime, the practice went on. After about three months the a, e, i, o, u's stretched to one syllable words—am, can, pan. Words beginning with certain consonants needed more concentration than others, but finally came a happy day when I heard my name, low and raspy, but my name—and a three syllable word at that.

Occasionally, embarrassing situations would arise. The patient does not realize that his new voice sounds weird to strangers. In a crowded elevator my husband started to talk to me. My instinct was to put my finger to my lips, but happily I realized that the one thing we were bending every effort toward was that he learn to speak, that nothing was as important. If he had the courage to try to talk in public, I could jolly well assume that there was nothing unnatural about the sound.

The day he found the courage to pick up the ringing telephone was another milestone passed. Though speech still comes slowly over the telephone, I can understand every word he says.

Having known no one who had ever had a laryngectomy, we were doubly surprised to learn that there were "clubs" in most large cities of the United States whose sole requirement for membership is that the person be a laryngectomee. People from all walks of life belong. Most of them are adult males. There is genuine eagerness among them to help the newcomer. Wives compare notes and share the little tricks they have employed to encourage practice, to promote new interests; even matters of dress are discussed. The stoma is kept covered at all times with a square of gauze. Is this best held in place with a tape around the neck or a fitted chain? What type of collar gives the most comfort?

Such clubs enable the timid to fraternize. Afraid to try his new voice on friends or even family, the laryngectomee finds it easy to communicate with a stranger who "speaks his language." For the patient who must go to one of the large speech clinics where individual attention is almost impossible, these club meetings are invaluable. Patients who do not receive help and encouragement at home, whether through ignorance, indifference, or just plain lack of time, will lose interest in wanting to learn to speak. Club members give them a zest for learning.

Courage and humour bring spirit to these groups. Their names tell a story. The New York club is called Anamilo, from the

(Continued on page 129)

HONEST FACES

(Continued from page 95)

In the middle of our wanderings we suddenly came on a wing which had a loan exhibition of Western art. We went in, for I knew that before the war, at least, some of the great Japanese collectors had been purchasers of French art, from the impressionists on.

I wasn't disappointed. Matisse, as expected, was well represented, and all the other great names were there, in good examples.

Unexpectedly I turned a corner. And I saw, at the end of a gallery, alone against a white wall, my aunt's Monet. Irises swimming in sunlight.

I went and stood before it. I knew those irises. I had seen them a thousand times, studied them, loved them. Only, these were not they.

It was a copy. A brilliant one, but a copy. The forger had had all the talents of Monet except one, original invention. There was something a little too careful about it, a kind of imperceptible stiffness, which betrayed the false hand. I do not claim an infallible eye; if I had never seen the picture before, I would undoubtedly have accepted it as real, but I had seen it, a thousand times.

But something troubled me. As I stood there looking, I felt something peculiarly familiar about the whole thing, until suddenly I looked at the frame. That was it. It was my aunt's frame, the unlovely, well remembered frame.

I did something I shouldn't have done. I seized the picture, took it off the wall, turned it around. And there, of course, on the back were all the old familiar labels, the irises' provenance, which claimed indubitably that this was real and right.

Ed Howard said to me, "What's the matter? You out of your mind?"

In an instant, of course, there were five Japanese guards beside me, polite but unpleased. I apologized as best I could, rehung the picture, and we left the museum.

"These crazy Americans," Ed Howard said.

I thought a great deal, on the airplane coming back to New York, about what I ought to do. I am afraid I couldn't help admiring the brain that had thought up the whole idea. It is so simple. You get yourself a good picture. You steal its history, return the picture, attach the history to a forgery. So easy—once someone has thought it up.

I decided, in the end, to do as little as possible. Oh, I saw Manescu, and with nothing so ugly as a threat, I got him to withdraw his suit against my aunt. Manescu is an amusing fellow, really; he deserved something a little better than to have cards laid badly on the table.

As for my aunt, I told her only that I had been able, for friendship's sake, to get Manescu to forget and forgive.

She was relieved, I am sure, but she managed to keep her feelings under control.

All she said was, "You must promise me, dear boy, *never* to introduce me to any of your horrid friends again. Do you hear?"

I heard, and I promised.

STILL VOICE

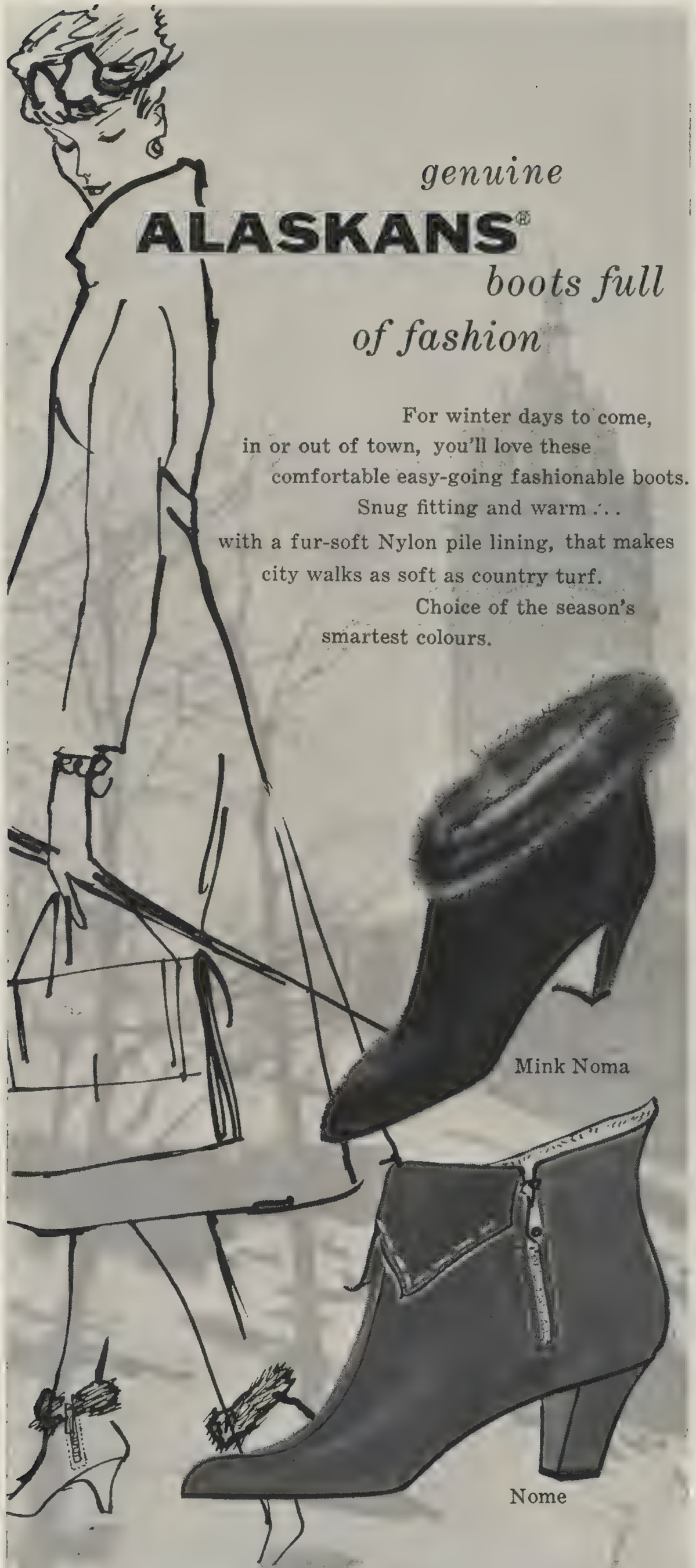
(Continued from page 128)

Greek word "to speak again." In San Francisco it is "The Lost Chord" club.

One of the happy things about this particular operation is that it is more often than not completely successful. The term radical, so awful in the original connotation because it means that all of the vocal cords must be removed, is at the same time consoling because usually all of the trouble has been eradicated. It seems to be the most easily operable part of the body as far as cancer is concerned.

It is a little over a year since the operation. My husband is speaking very well. He can't talk against a dance band or be heard amid the cacophony of a large cocktail party, but as he says, "No human experience is ever a total calamity and missing the large cocktail party is a downright pleasure."





The 16th-century bosom— and the 20th-century back

More about the high, very pretty bosom arriving in fashion now via Paris collections and Flemish painting (the latter, the look, if not directly the source). Here, two more brassières that are, specifically, ways to the look—and news on their own hook, too. As for the beautiful, long bare back: it's a fashion fixture, this season—and the page at right provides brassièring for it.



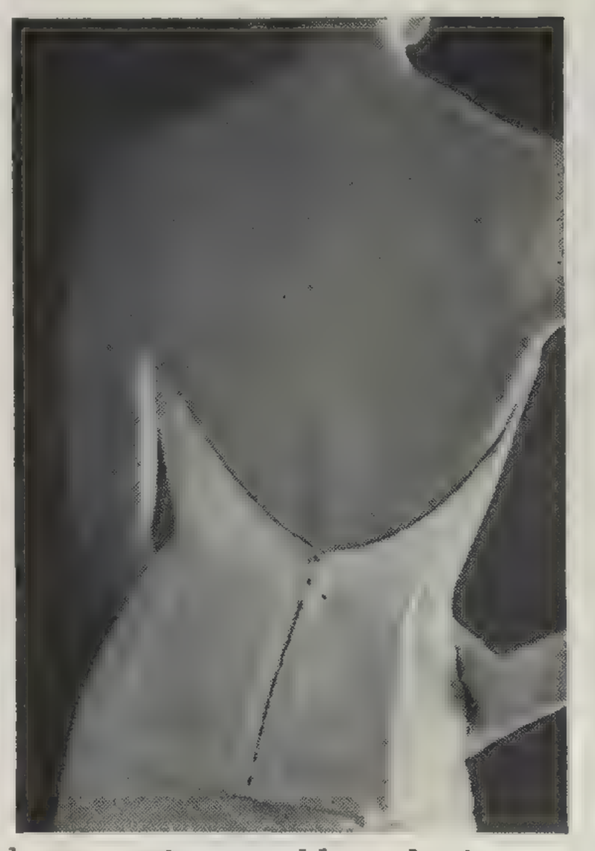
Left: New fashioned bodice—long-line brassière with a zipper closing at the front (and an option as to whether the straps will be on or off). With or without straps, the same beautiful fit prevails—thanks to light wires under the nylon lace cups, nylon satin and elastic inserts. By Diana, with a zipper by Talon, $9. At Stern's.



Right: Brassière that's longer than long-line. It extends over the hips slightly to mould them for the shapelier skirts around. Straps can be added when the dress is sleeved. White nylon lace, elastic panels, thin shell of foam rubber under the bosom. By Wonder Bra. $9. Halle Bros.



Above: The décolletage, mainly at the back, in a brassière designed by Dior for Lily of France—all delicate shape, and delicate-looking substance. It's black nylon—lace, elastic, *velvet* (the straps, seam bindings). About $17. Bonwit Teller.



Right: Beautiful bit of self-control for the woman whose clothes take a slender line generally—abbreviated all-in-one that comes down over the hips but not *all* the way; long garters take up the slack. Of white nylon marquisette and leno elastic. By Bien Jolie. About $17. At Bloomingdale's.

JOHN STEWART

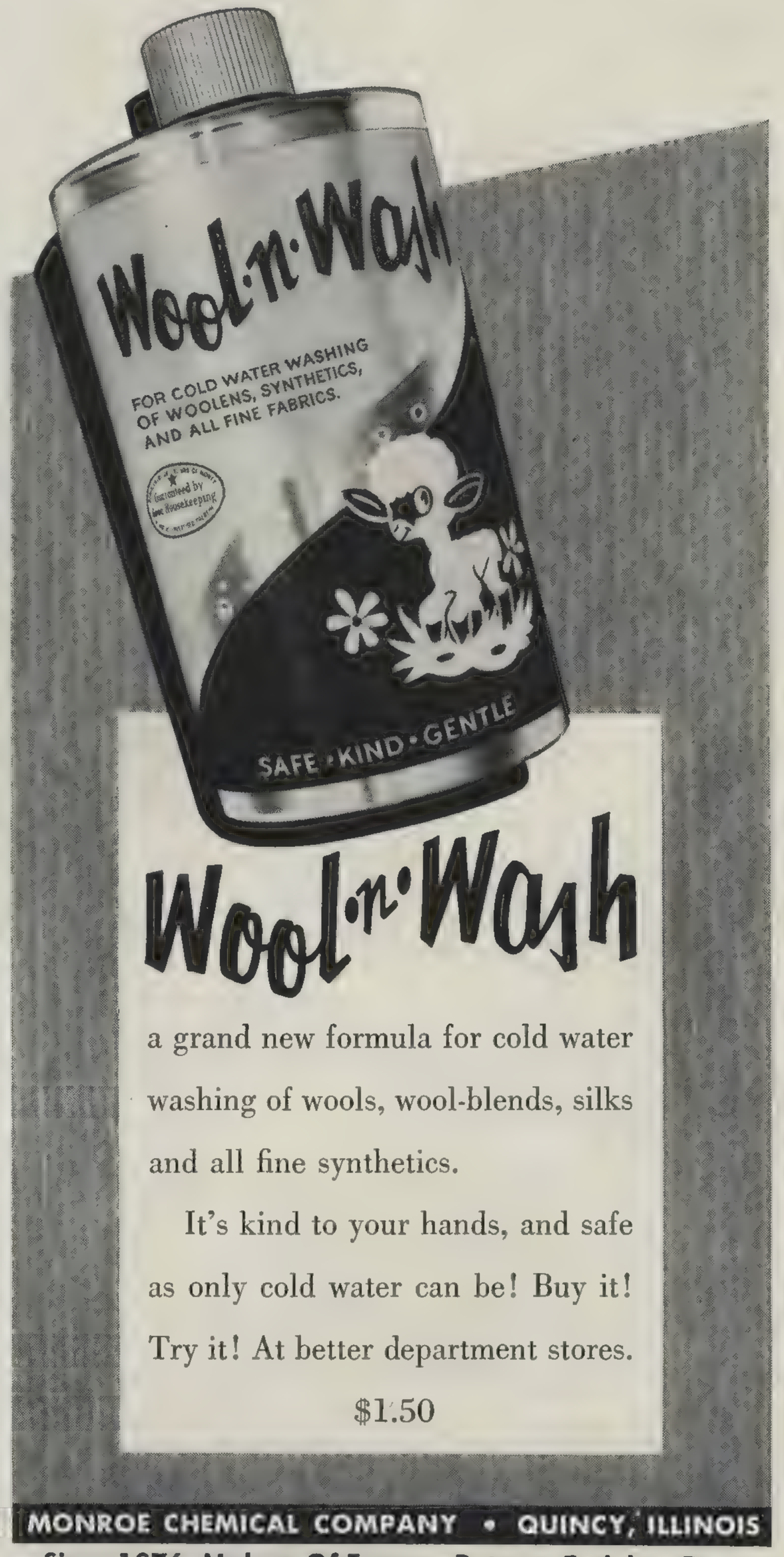


Left: Backless bandeau that follows the fashion wherever it leads—a light but firm network of elastic controls that heightens the bosom while baring the back, deeply. In black nylon. $5. At Altman's.

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Best-buys bulletin for town

(Continued from pages 100-105)



Above: New softened version of the accessory dress, in a colour (and at a price) that's remarkably gentle. Day, late-day wool jersey sheath in periwinkle blue with a dash of pink in it (it's one of the subtle new tones of blue). Dress, $25; junior sizes: Lord & Taylor. *Below:* More news of blue at a rosy price—$15—late-day dress of Arnel triacetate faille that takes the slender line of a sheath, adds a soft cowl neckline, and, for dramatic exits, a long streamer of ribbon tied at the back. This, in junior sizes, at Lord & Taylor.



COFFIN



Above: Sheath dress that buttons up the fashion news, brightly—with gilt buttons on navy-blue wool jersey. Could be one of your best best-buys this, asks for a whole range of accessory changes to vary its outlook. Dress, $18, by Jerry Gilden, at Franklin Simon. *Below:* More buttons lined up here, this time on blond ribbed wool jersey. A sheath dress with this news: slight fullness draped into the bodice, pockets added at hip level. This, a city look that's nicely relaxed (at a very relaxing price—$20). At Russeks.



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Top: 14K white gold bracelet and case, 10 full cut, flawless diamonds, $375. *Left:* 14K yellow gold, $145. *Below:* 14K gold, with leather strap, $150. Other Omega watches for men and women from $71.50, Federal tax included. For name of nearest authorized Omega jeweler, telephone Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. Write for illustrated style brochure "W". Omega, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21.

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Best-buys bulletin

(Continued from pages 100-105)



Above: A best best-buy—if your engagement pad's already scribbled with late-day entries. A dress of pale-blue worsted jersey, softly gathered at the waistline (this, located in its natural habitat), and rippling out into a pretty fullness of skirt. The neckline rises high at the front, dips at the back, where there are two tailored bows. In Heller worsted jersey; $23. At Best's. *Above, right:* Close-up of the bag you saw on page 103—a leopard-like bag that's none the less good-looking for never having been near a jungle. By Ingber; $13 plus tax, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Discoveries in beauty:

perfumes-to-go



Evyan's "Golden Hearts," a quintet of Evyan perfumes made portable by gleaming, heart-shaped bottles (each holds ¼ ounce). The tops, screw-topped for safe transit. $7.50 plus tax. Ready in about two weeks at Saks Fifth Avenue.



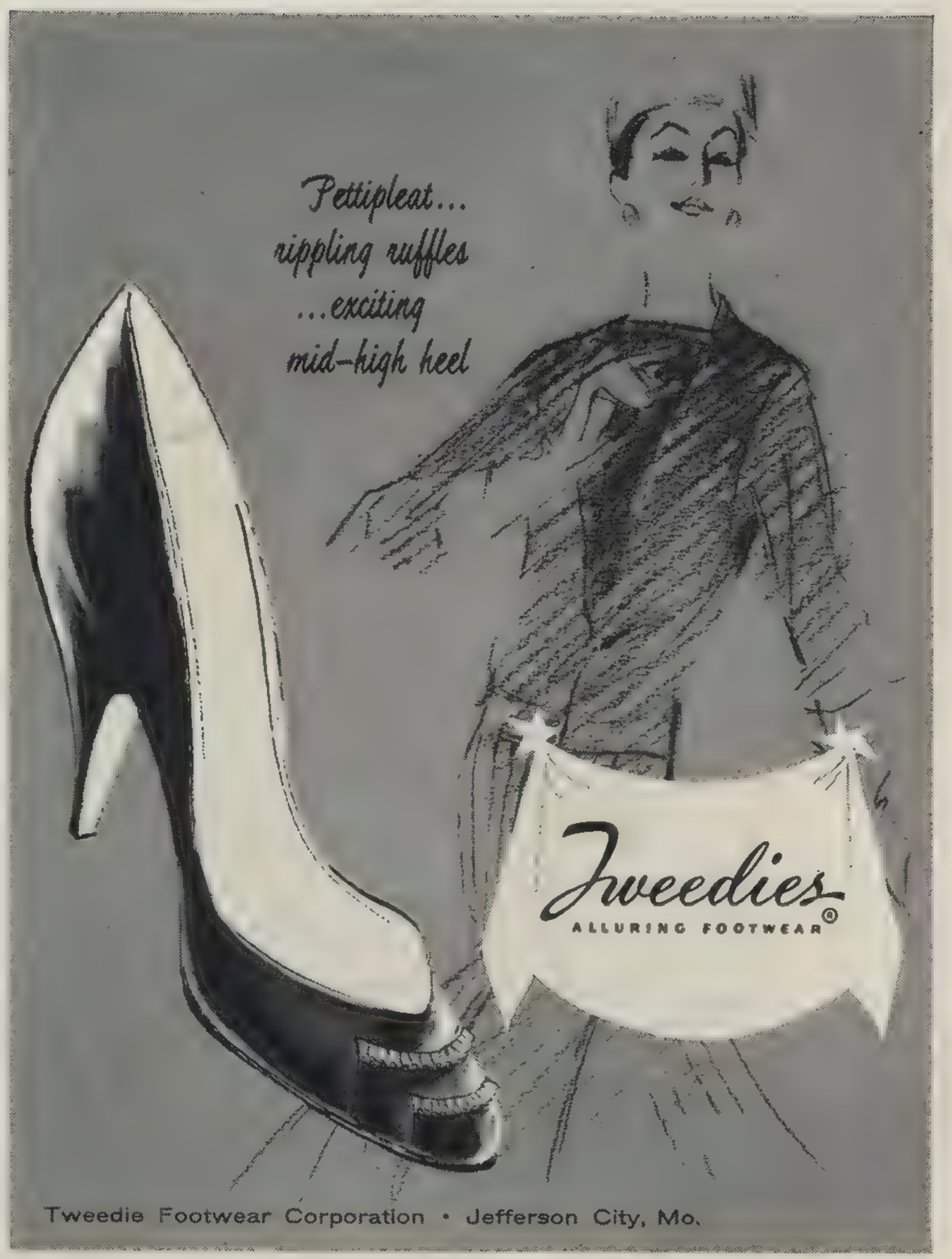
Lanvin's Eau de Toilette (2 oz. size) to use at home, with a purse-size "Lanvinette" of perfume for touch-ups while at large. Gift-packaged in two scents: Arpège or My Sin, $5.50 and $5 respectively, plus tax. Saks Fifth Avenue.



Here to spray is a non-leak atomizer that holds ¼ oz. of Réplique perfume. Its housing is news— and makes a point: clear fluted glass to show how your supply is holding out. $5 plus tax, at Jay Thorpe.



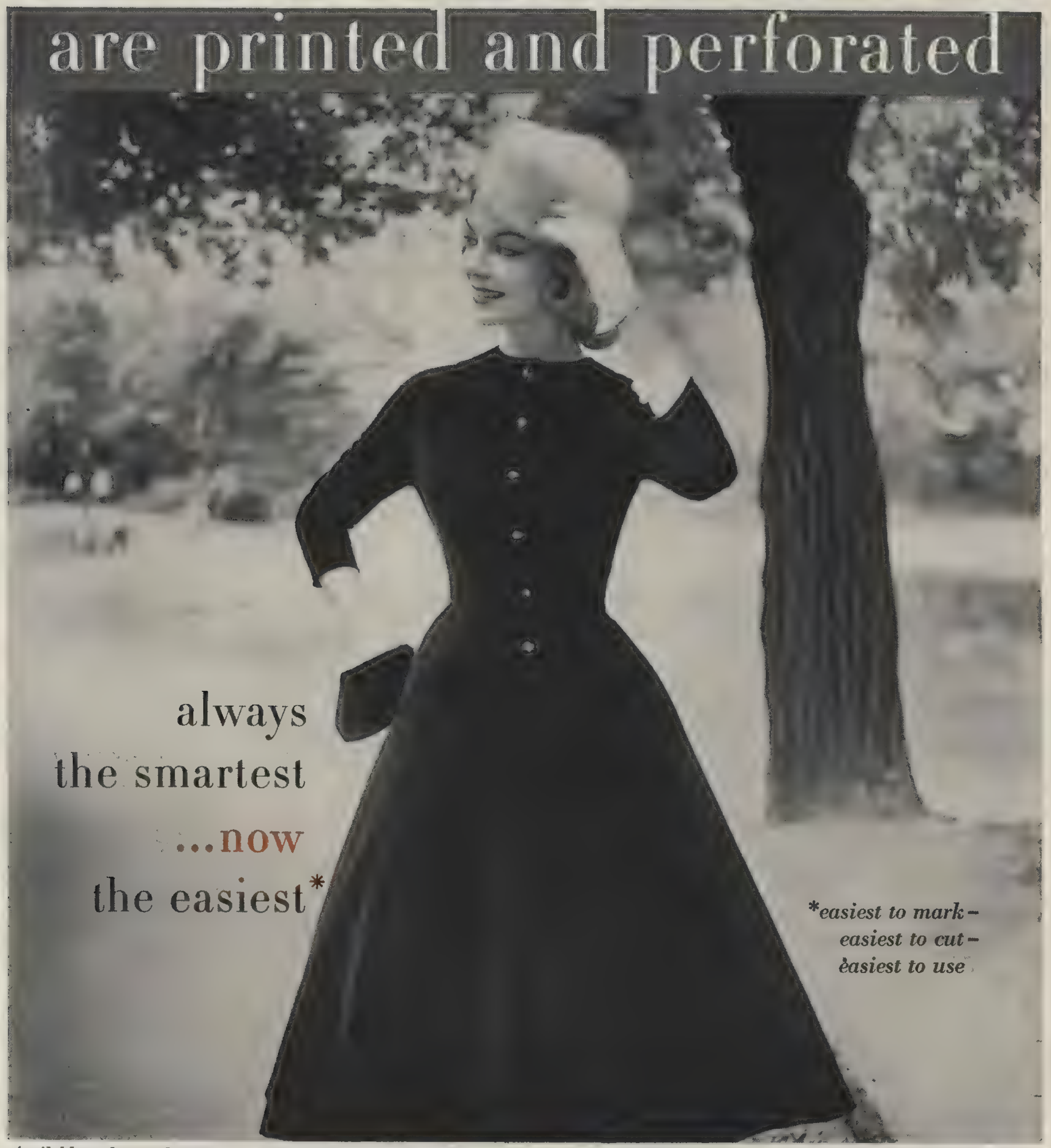
A scent to soak in: Réplique bath oil by Raphael, that leaves you durably fragrant, self-sachets your clothes. In a miniature 2 oz. travelling bottle. Also a big box of the same scent in bath powder. Each, $5 plus tax, at Jay Thorpe.





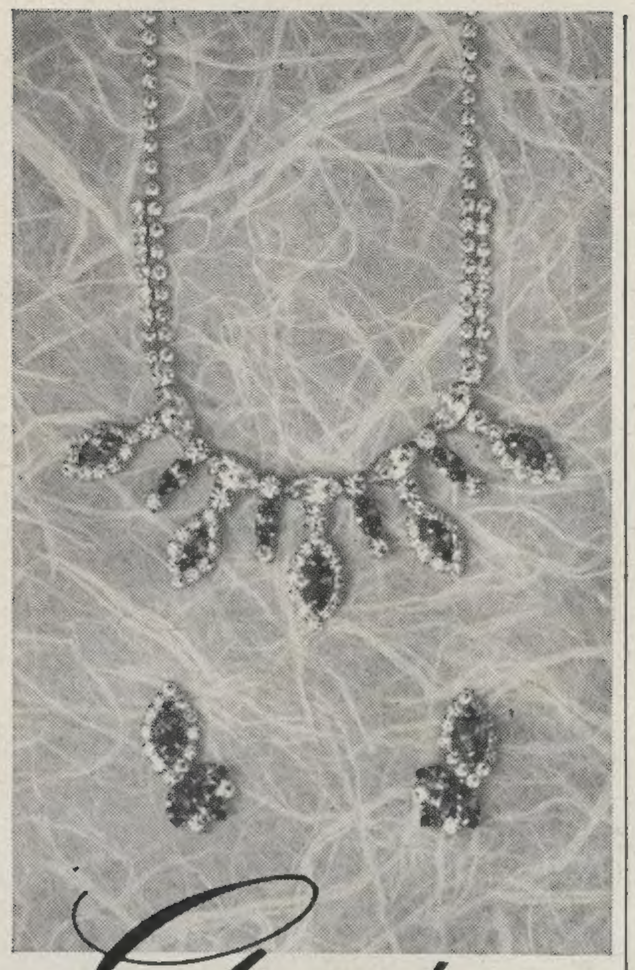
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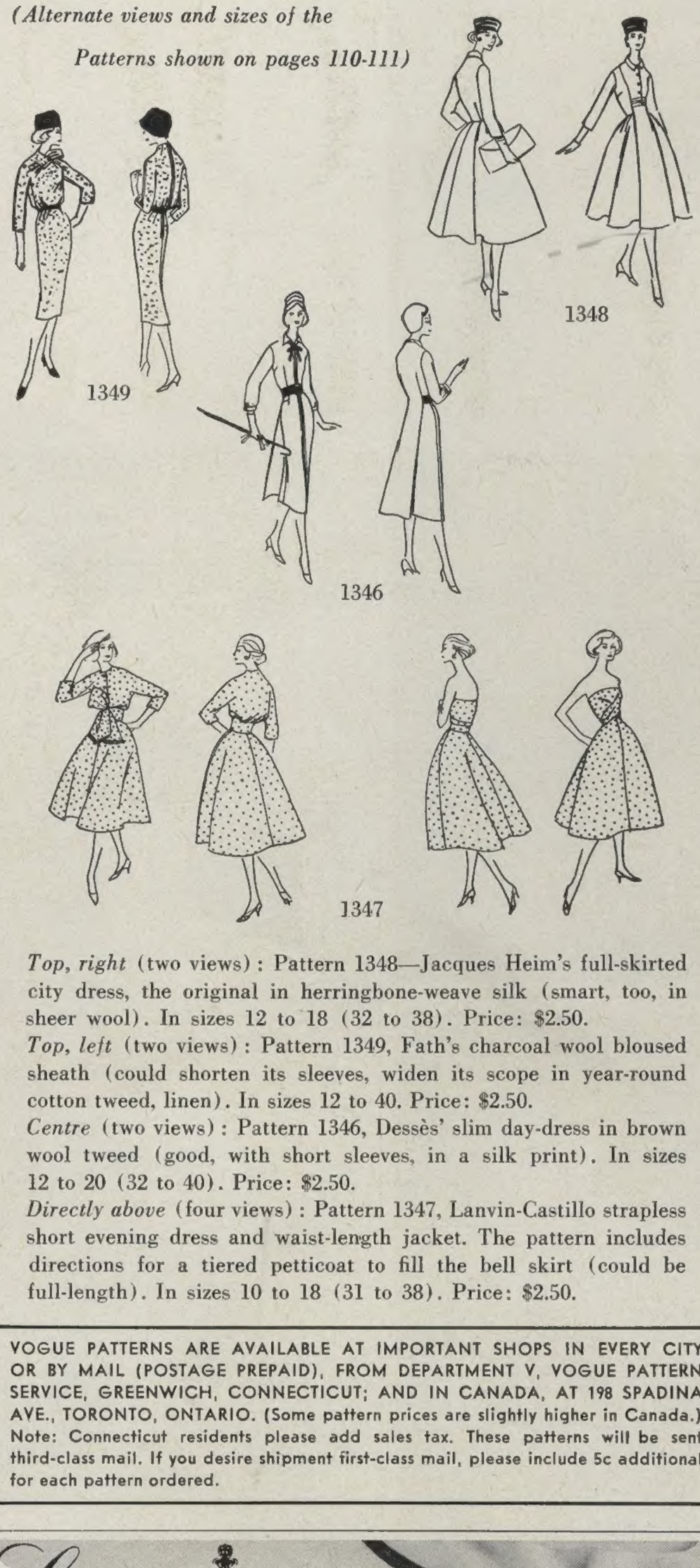
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VOGUE PARIS PATTERNS

(Alternate views and sizes of the Patterns shown on pages 110-111)



Top, right (two views): Pattern 1348—Jacques Heim's full-skirted city dress, the original in herringbone-weave silk (smart, too, in sheer wool). In sizes 12 to 18 (32 to 38). Price: $2.50.

Top, left (two views): Pattern 1349, Fath's charcoal wool bloused sheath (could shorten its sleeves, widen its scope in year-round cotton tweed, linen). In sizes 12 to 40. Price: $2.50.

Centre (two views): Pattern 1346, Dessès' slim day-dress in brown wool tweed (good, with short sleeves, in a silk print). In sizes 12 to 20 (32 to 40). Price: $2.50.

Directly above (four views): Pattern 1347, Lanvin-Castillo strapless short evening dress and waist-length jacket. The pattern includes directions for a tiered petticoat to fill the bell skirt (could be full-length). In sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). Price: $2.50.

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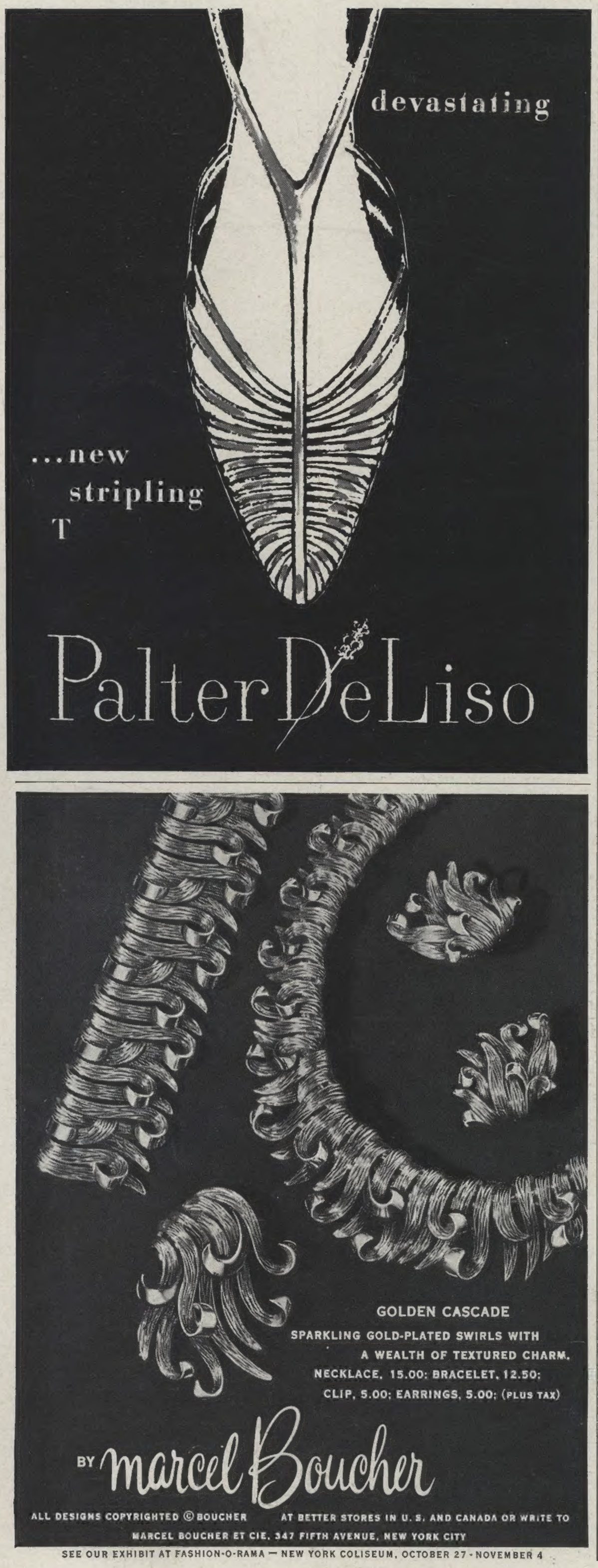
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Grey—on its new rounds

JOHN STEWART



JOHN STEWART

The column above: all about the good-news-again of grey—
coming back as a *colour* (the recent
Paris collections made a point of same).
The dress, pewter-grey wool crêpe with a shallow
V-neckline subject to pearling (perhaps pearl-grey pearls
to alternate with white ones, for a change?).
Sleeve enough here for a Mrs. Exeter,
size-range enough, too (10 to 20).
Dress by Dorothy O'Hara, in Hockanum wool,
about $50. This, and the Richelieu pseudo-pearls,
at Gunther Jaeckel. Dress, also at Carson Pirie Scott;
I. Magnin. Red mousse hat, from Emme.

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